Saturday Review

OCTOBER 15, 1955 / 20¢

WINTER VACATIONS:
HOT OR COLD?

Special Section

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THE PRESS VS. THE COURTS

By John M. Harrison

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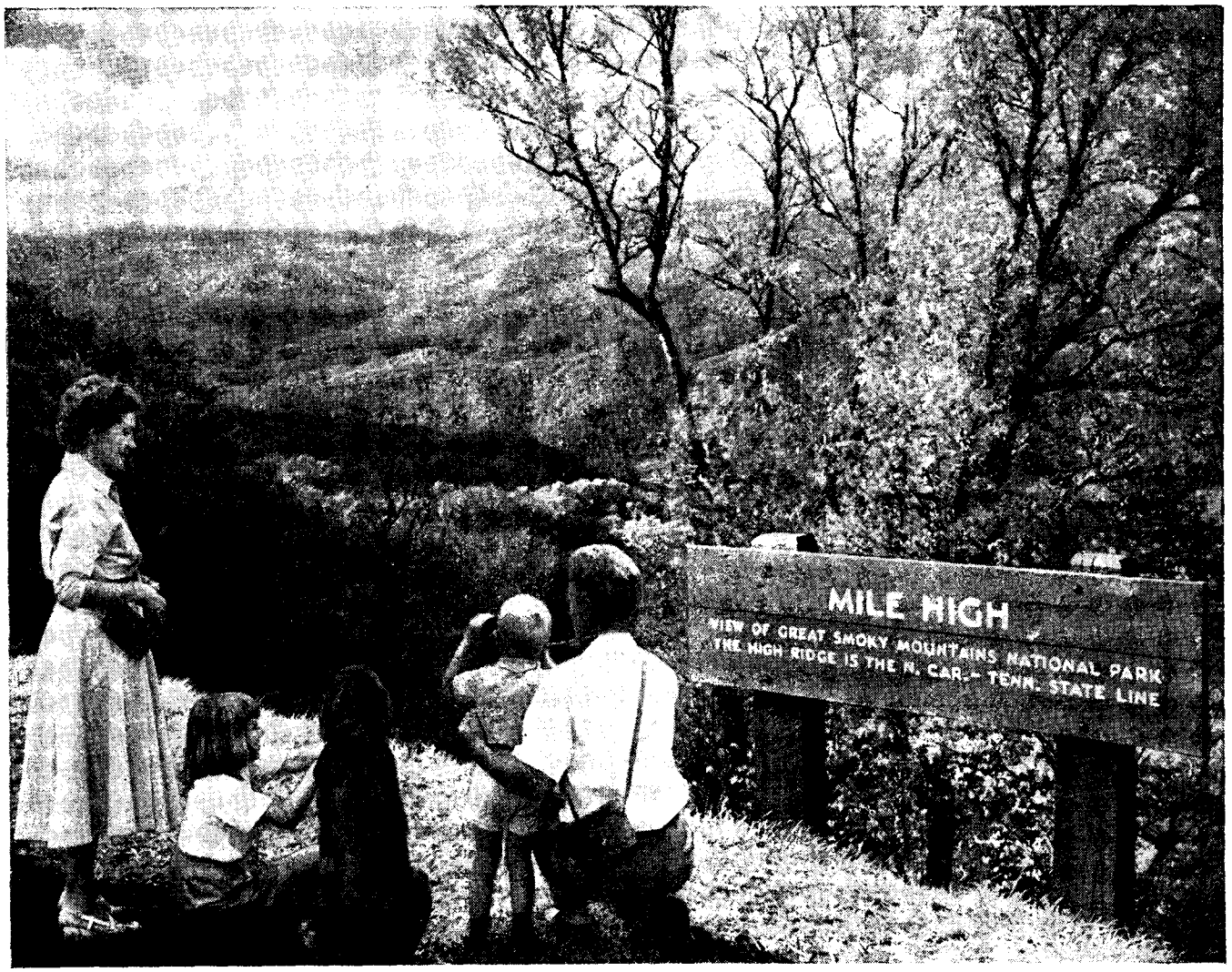

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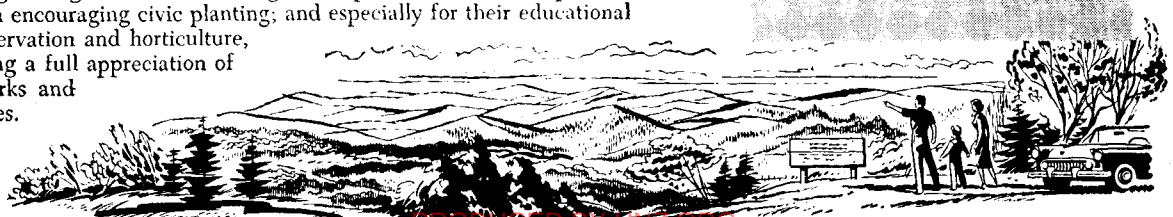

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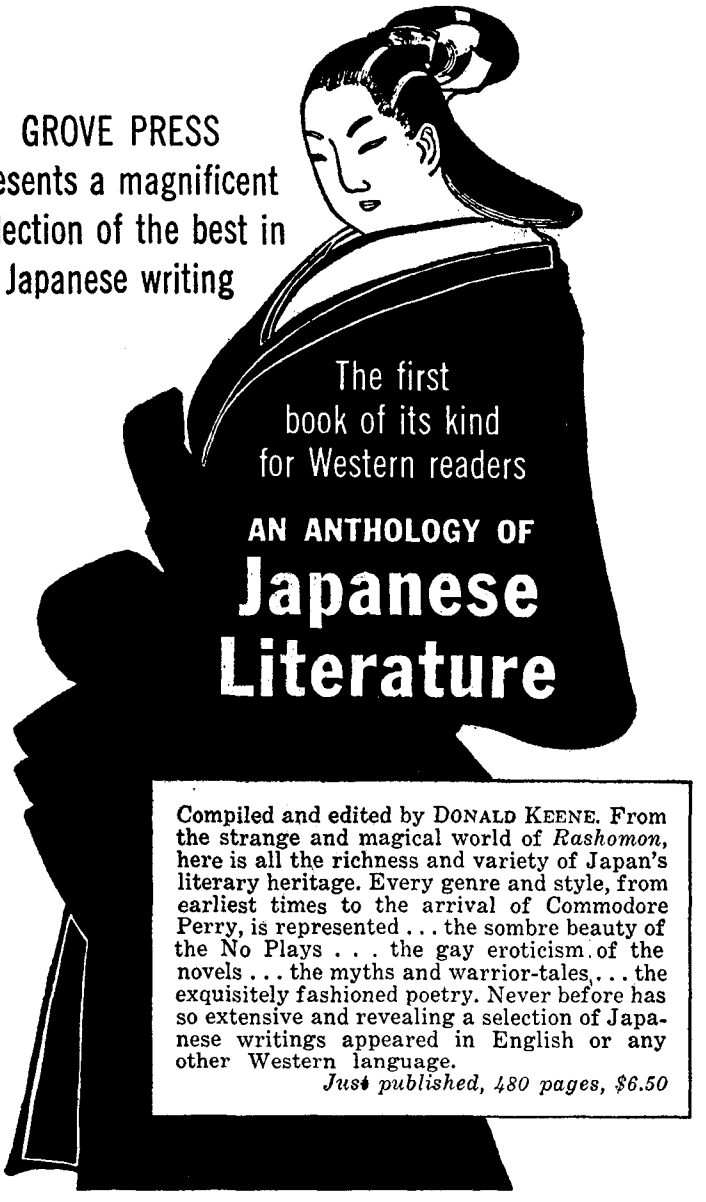

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TRADE Winds

THE CASE OF THE VANISHING MANUSCRIPT

(The Scene is the reception desk of Unspeakable Manor, a beach resort. An author enters with a manuscript so heavy he scarcely can hold it until he dumps it on the desk.)

AUTHOR. Clerk, this is a precious script—probably the most valuable property that ever will be intrusted to your care. So guard it with your life!

CLERK *(not looking up from his crossword puzzle).* Just leave it there, mister. If it's a manuscript nobody in this joint's gonna touch it.

(Exit Author. Enter Mrs. Flounce and friends.)

MRS. FLOUNCE. You'd think that at these prices they'd at least put some stationery in every room. I've looked everywhere for a scrap of paper to keep score on but—oh, girls, here's a whole *pile* of paper, and it's only got scribbling on one side! *(She happily sweeps up about fifty pages of the author's precious script, and exits with her friends, bound for the canasta table, just as two relaxing businessmen, newspapers opened to the financial page, approach the desk. One of the men grabs another thirty pages of manuscript, and spreads them on a nearby table.)*

BUSINESSMAN. It's like I told you, Sam. They've struck uranium in this sector *(he is making big crosses on various sheets),* oil up here, and emeralds over there. Is it any wonder Consolidated Ashheap has gone up from fourteen to sixty-one in a matter of weeks? Compared to Con Ash, you know what Tel and Tel will be worth a year from now? This! *(He dramatically tears up about fifteen pages of the author's script and flings them to the breeze.)* Yes sir, Ashheap is still a fantastic buy at sixty-one. You mark my words: that stock will hit a DOLLAR before the spring!

(As businessmen wander off, a bespectacled lady with a group of nine unruly moppets in tow bustles into view.)

LADY. Now, children, remember the woods we are going to play our game of hare and hounds in is very wild and primitive. I want every hare to put a wad of paper in his back pocket, and keep dropping pieces of it as he runs, so the hounds will have at least a sporting chance of tracking you down. *(She grabs successive batches of manuscript and hands them to the moppets as they file by. By this time the script is down to about forty pages. Enter the author with his arm around his publisher's shoulder.)*

AUTHOR. Tony, I gave up four television jobs and a chance to go to Tasmania for the Hilton chain to finish this book for you. AND HERE IT IS. But, remember, if one of those so-called editors of yours takes out a single comma I go to Doubleday! *(He presents script to publisher, who weighs it tentatively in his hands, and riffles the pages.)*

PUBLISHER. I'm glad to see you took my suggestion and cut out a few of the more purple passages yourself. Yes, you've done a splendid job of revising. Preserved the meat, and eliminated the fat and gristle. It's always a joy to do business with a real pro!

AUTHOR *(Beaming).* Thanks, Tony. You're a publisher after my own heart. I have complete faith in you. Only this time I hope you'll do a little advertising, and at least see that the galleys get into the right hands at the book clubs and M-G-M. *(They exit arm in arm, loathing each other beyond belief, as*

The Curtain Falls.)

THE COVETED POST of literary editor of San Francisco's *Chronicle,* raised to big-time status by the memorable achievements of the late Joseph Henry Jackson, has been awarded to William Hogan, who began writing book reviews for Joe years ago when he was an undergraduate at the University of California. If Hogan's re-

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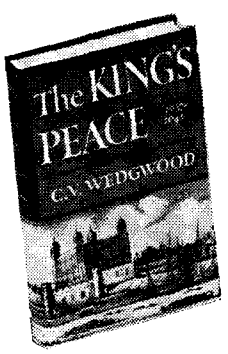

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cent work as drama and film editor is any criterion, the *Chronicle*'s book department will continue to be a major influence in West Coast literary trends. Incidentally, Luther Nichols, literary critic for the rival Hearst San Francisco paper, the *Examiner*, only recently was Hogan's side-kick on the *Chronicle* drama page. . . . The daily book column in the *Los Angeles Times* is now being written by Robert R. Kirsch. His pieces are being talked about by Hollywoodites.

POWER OF THE PRESS: Last spring I registered a beef in this column at the concessionaire's practice in the San Francisco International Airport of overcharging for magazines, paperbacks, candy bars, and suchlike. It is a pleasure to reprint this letter received from Mark Gerstle, director of public relations at the Airport:

> This is to report that, effective September 1, all magazines at the San Francisco International Airport are being sold at the regularly marked price.
>
> Twenty-five-cent paperbound books are still thirty-five cents at the Airport newsstand, thirty-five-cent books are fifty cents, fifty-cent books are sixty cents, and seventy-five-cent books are eighty-five cents. At the Airport Book Store, however, all merchandise is sold at the marked price.
>
> Hallelujah!

IN SAN DIEGO, ace columnist Neil Morgan won for himself a nationwide tour by becoming publicist for a show built around a spectacular 136 square-foot stratoview contour map of the area, designed by Wallace Hamilton. The idea, of course, is to accent the importance of the powerful *San Diego Union-Tribune* as a national advertising medium. It was conceived by publisher Jim Copley, and judging by the crowd oohing and aahing around the display at New York's Ambassador Hotel this is one of many current junkets (see below) that is paying handsome dividends—especially when hostess Kay Starkey is on view.

Morgan told me about a purveyor of potato salad and other delicatessen staples in the town of Anaheim, California, who began scheming to get some of Disneyland's food business the moment he heard that Walt Disney's fabulous new playground was to be built in those parts. He drew up a list of fully half-a-hundred executives of the Disney organization and began wining and dining them regardless of expenses.

All his schemes and all his lobbying, alas, seemed to have been in vain until, two days before the official

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pening of Disneyland, an official alled him up and casually ordered ive tons of potato salad to be deliv-red immediately.

A daily order of similar proportions luly secured, the happy concessionaire entured to inquire just what master nove in his elaborate campaign had proven to be the clincher. "We never even had heard of you," was the frank explanation. "Two days before opening we suddenly realized we had neglected to order this food. We chose your name at random in the classified directory. Then one of my secretaries remembered that her mother had worked for you some years ago, and that you had been a very good boss."

See how it pays to plan these things n advance?

BIGGER AND BETTER "junkets" have become the order of the day in the public-relations field. Sixty to seventy reporters and columnists are now whisked to Istanbul, Scotland, or Hong Kong for as long as a fortnight—all expenses paid—to commemorate the opening of a hotel, the "premiere" of a movie made on foreign location, or even the launching of a new television series. The costs are all fully deductible for the well-heeled hosts, of course—the decisive factor in these days when business is conducted with one eye always on the tax setup.

In return, said hosts expect their guests to devote plenty of space to the ventures they are promoting, and it must be said that the guests, so far at least, have striven mightily to "sing for their suppers" with extravagant and rapturous reports. That most of these reports happen also to be almost unbelievably dull is not intentional. The writers find themselves almost exclusively in the company of fellow junketeers, all striving desperately to discover some new angle the others have overlooked, and the copy they file is undistinguishable from the syrupy publicity releases sent out so faithfully by the publicity agents and thrown so quickly into trashbaskets by yawning editors.

For me there's no more engrossing reading than a book or article on travel and far places by a qualified expert. *Holiday* magazine has fascinated me ever since its first issue, and I've rarely missed a piece by our own Horace Sutton in the *Review*. But when a passel of columnists is turned loose *en masse* on one of these split-second publicity jaunts—grrr!

Things have come to such a pass in this junket routine that Milton Berle made a perfectly timed *ad lib* in Lindy's the other night and only seven columnists were in town to "originate" it the next day. —BENNETT CERF.

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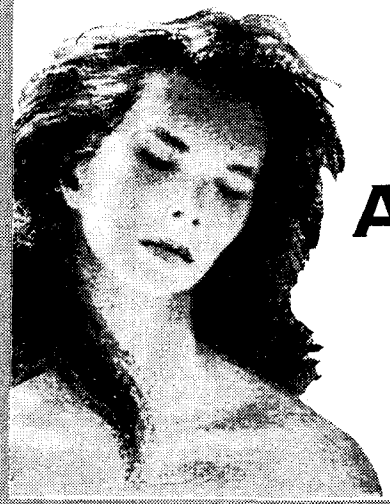

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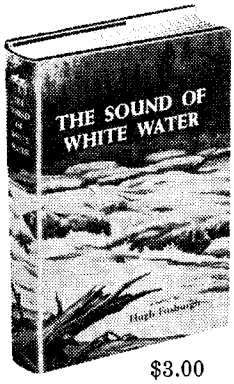

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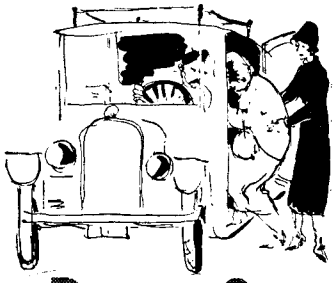

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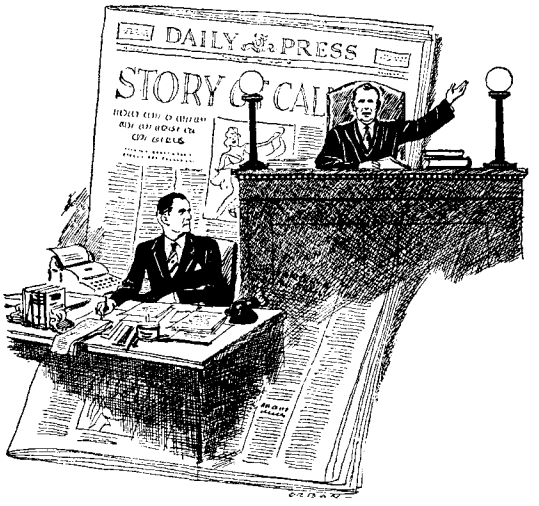

The theory of Trial by Jury is that a panel of ordinary citizens will discover the truth of a charge more often than a magistrate, no matter how skilful he is. Naturally, the panel must not be bigoted or carried away by emotion if it is to function properly; under the complex rules of evidence the matters which it is legally allowed to consider are carefully screened in the courtroom itself. But for a sensational case which has been thoroughly written-up in the newspapers it is nearly impossible to find intelligent jurors who have not considered and decided the whole thing before the trial begins. How this situation injures a defendant's rights is discussed by John M. Harrison, associate editor of the Toledo Blade.

By JOHN M. HARRISON

MINOT F. (Mickey) Jelke was convicted twice on charges of compulsory prostitution. Once the press was excluded from the courtroom. Once it was represented there. When the case was "hot," several months ago, there was more controversy about the role of the newspapers in the case than about the guilt or innocence of the defendant.

General Sessions Judge Francis L. Valente actually had the sympathy of many practising newspapermen when he first barred the press from the courtroom during presentation of the state's case against Jelke. The judge's concern with taste and public morals seemed reasonable enough to those in the business who think taste and public morals are probably as important to the future of newspapers as attracting the last possible subscriber with the latest instalment of "True Tales of a Call Girl." On temporary appeal Judge Valente's ruling was upheld. The trial proceeded on that basis. Reporters did not hear Pat Ward's testimony from her own lips. They did get secondhand reports in the Court House restrooms and elsewhere on and off the premises of what Miss Ward and other witnesses against Mickey Jelke had said in court.

Public morals were not, in fact, shielded—especially not in New York. The tabloids, and some other newspapers, had a field day with the lurid details of the state's testimony. All that remained in doubt was whether or not the reporters had been properly kept out of the courtroom.

Two actions challenged Judge Valente's ruling. One, on behalf of five New York newspapers and two press associations, tested whether the press could demand representation at the Jelke trial in its own right. The other —in the name of Mickey Jelke, who had been found guilty—contended that he, as the accused, could demand the presence of the press in the courtroom to assure protection of his rights. The courts thus had a chance to define the respective rights of press, defendant, judge, and public as they were affected in this case.

In its final rulings on the two petitions, the Court of Appeals found that the press has no right in and of itself to demand representation in New York courtrooms from which the judge has been granted powers by legislative action to bar them. But the court held the defendant may demand the presence of reporters as a protection of his rights under the Sixth Amendment. The majority opinion,

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granting Jelke a new trial, declares that:

> Due regard for the defendant's rights to a public trial demanded, at the very least . . . that he be not deprived of the possible benefits of attendance by the press.
>
> Its widespread reporting of what goes on in the courts may well prove a potent force in restraining "possible abuse of the judicial power." This being so, justification for excluding the press in this case may not be found in the sensational and vulgar coverage which the proceedings may have been receiving in some newspapers, and which evidently disturbed the trial judge.
>
> Deplore as we may the bad taste of reporting of that kind, the courts may not take unto themselves the power to enforce their notions of basic decency and morality at the sacrifice of basic rights guaranteed to the defendant by statute.

This finding reflects a deep conviction that the individual's right to a fair trial takes precedence over every other concern. In this instance the court properly found that defendant's right to whatever protection the presence of the press in the courtroom afforded him must override a judge's commendable desire to protect public morals. A more recent ruling by the Ohio Supreme Court opens a new area of inquiry in regard to this problem. In this instance it was held that the defendant may not, by his request, keep the press out of the courtroom. There are, in other words, many interests represented which must be defined and protected in individual instances. It is almost impossible to arrive at any kind of general definition to fit all cases.

THE editors and publishers of American newspapers have been fiercely, aggressively jealous of the rights and privileges accruing to the press under provisions of the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution. It is well they have been. Without John Peter Zenger, without Elijah Lovejoy, without the many other stubbornly contentious men who—oftener than not—have made themselves mightily unpopular with Presidents and magistrates and members of local Boards of Education, there would be far less assurance than there is today that the public would know as much as it does know about how the business of its many agencies of government is carried on.

A free press stands today as a sustaining bulwark of all our freedoms—among them the right to a fair trial. Yet the freedom newspapers enjoy never has been an unlimited privilege. In two hundred-some years of flowering, it has been nurtured in the public's name. It is for the citizenry that the press speaks when it demands to know how the public's business is transacted, how justice is administered. Where this freedom clearly transgresses other Constitutional rights it can claim no priority.

This conflict between historic rights has developed most sharply in recent years with respect to the issue usually described as "free press *vs.* fair trial." Actually, this oversimplifies what is at stake. More often than not—as the rulings on the basic issues in the Jelke case indicate—these two go hand in hand. They are not usually in conflict.

Among bar associations and individual attorneys agitation began some years ago to curb what were regarded as abuses in reporting the news of crimes and trials. This agitation has produced several codes of conduct for newspapers, law enforcement officials, and judges. Generally these codes place restrictions on statements by officials about the nature of crimes likely to inflame public opinion, releasing details of confessions, and publication of these and other matters which might tend to cause prospective jurors to make up their minds as to the guilt or innocence of an accused person. Often they provide restrictions on taking pictures in courtrooms, and may otherwise seek to maintain what is regarded as the dignity of the court.

Newspapermen have tended to be skeptical about these codes, and not without justification. Many of their provisions have seemed as much concerned with shielding judges and lawyers from positions they might regard as embarrassing as with protecting the rights of persons who come before the courts to secure justice. Large grants of power are placed in the hands of judges and other officers of the courts. Such power, arbitrarily wielded, might deny to individuals arrested or on trial protections that wither without full access of the press to judicial proceedings.

Yet increasing numbers of newspapermen are aware of the abuse of these freedoms by the press. They know that where the courts have thrown a mantle of protection about full and free reporting there sometimes has been a perversion of freedom to license for vulgarity and unabashed sensationalism. They know that the media of mass communication, which literally blanket whole areas today can create—and have created—conditions in which a fair trial is virtually impossible.

WHAT of this kind of situation, in which it is alleged that the press—by fact and manner of trial and pre-trial reporting and editorial comment—seriously jeopardizes the right of a defendant to fair trial? Are courts and legislatures likely to put new limits on press freedoms if such damage to the rights of individuals is established?

Such action is not at all impossible unless newspapers display more concern to control themselves. Some kind of statutory remedy almost certainly will be demanded if there are many more performances like that of Cleveland newspapers in the Sheppard case last year.

The savage slaying of Marilyn Sheppard, wife of Dr. Samuel Sheppard, sometime in the early morning hours of July 4, 1954, was bound to stir pub-

(*Continued on page* 35)

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CHARLES RUFUS MOREY, 1877-1955

". . . the greatest medievalist America has yet produced."

By FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR. *one of* SR's *editors-at-large and director of the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum, has recently returned from a long trip abroad.*

THE death on August 27 at Princeton of Professor Charles Rufus Morey marks the close of a unique and memorable chapter in the history of archeological studies on this side of the Atlantic. Just fifty years ago Henry Adams was having privately printed for his close friends in Boston and Washington the first edition of "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres." Lethaby, Gardner, and Coulton were engaged at Oxford and at Cambridge upon the task of bringing the figure sculpture of the English cathedrals, which had been eclipsed by the Victorian passion for the Renaissance, to the attention of an audience that extended beyond the fellowship of the Society of Antiquaries. In France, where the Gothic had always been associated with the *ancien régime* and the efforts of the House of Orléans to restore the Bourbons to the throne, Viollet-le-Duc, two generations earlier, had inspired a cult for the Middle Ages which has descended by an almost apostolic succession upon the present-day administration of the Monuments Historiques. The Société des Antiquaires de France, of which Morey was an honorary correspondent, were a dedicated band who built upon the framework of Lenoir's Napoleonic "Musée des monumens français." Elsewhere in Europe the new interest in the Middle Ages had manifested itself in many ways: in Italy it was the pushing back of the *quattrocento* to the *trecento* and *duecento* and the discovery of long-forgotten beauties of Byzantium and the early Latin Church. The Gothic and the Romanesque appealed to the Teutonic countries above all as symbols of the continuity of German imperialism; the step from Barbarossa to Bismarck was a short one which could easily be explained.

Charles Rufus Morey, probably the greatest medievalist America has yet produced, had won a three-year fellowship in 1900 from the University of Michigan to the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. Trained as a classicist, he quickly fell under the spell of the vestiges of primitive Christianity that were being turned up daily in the catacombs and immediately understood their relation to the disintegrating monuments of Late Imperial grandeur. Morey was to become a convinced visual counterpart to Gibbon, a man who filled the prodigious storeroom of his mind not only with the literary sources of the Middle Ages but also with the myriad images which those times had left behind them on the Mediterranean littoral and in Western Europe. The accumulation of those years, quite aside from making him a feared and beloved teacher, was the basis for the "Princeton Index of Christian Art," that virtually complete and classified card inventory of photographs, descriptions, and bibliography of objects of medieval art of every category. Copies of this Index file are now available at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington and in the Vatican Library.

It is a work of which he was the editor and prime mover, a humanistic tool now covering some 100,000 works of art and comparable only with the celebrated Bollandist dictionary of a century ago.

IT WAS at the end of his first sojourn in Rome that Morey came into contact with the late Alan Marquand and returned with him to Princeton University. To his eternal credit, this expert on the Renaissance, who wrote the definitive books on the Della Robbia family, and was the son of the New York merchant whose collection was bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art as one of its chief glories in 1888, saw the young medievalist in his full stature and potentiality. The association lasted during Alan Marquand's lifetime and Rufus Morey, after having turned down flattering offers from Harvard, Yale, and New York universities, stayed on as his successor as chairman of the Department and Marquand Professor of Art and Archeology.

In the first year of his taking charge a panic was created in the university when the Art Department, which had luxuriated as an easy refuge for the football player and the dilettante, failed all but two of the students enrolled in its courses. Since they included the sons of rich and prominent alumni, the president asked the chairman to reconsider what appeared upon the surface to be a wholesale Slaughter of the Innocents. Morey's innate sense of iconography prompted him to send back word with the imperviousness of Herod: "Since you have asked me, Mr. President, to create a department which will be a credit to the

(*Continued on page* 33)

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How We "Contained" Communism

"The Fifteen Weeks," by Joseph M. Jones *(Viking Press. 296 pp. $3.75), and* ***"The Marshall Plan and Its Meaning," by Harry Bayard Price*** *(Cornell University Press. 424 pp. $5), are detailed accounts of five years of American economic assistance to Europe. They are reviewed below by Paul H. Douglas, United States Senator from Illinois.*

By Paul H. Douglas

JOSEPH M. JONES'S "The Fifteen Weeks" and Harry Bayard Price's "The Marshall Plan and Its Meaning" are excellent complements to each other. Mr. Jones deals with the period from February 21 to June 5, 1947, or between the dates when Great Britain first informed us that she would have to pull out of Greece and Turkey and Secretary Marshall's historic speech at Harvard. Mr. Price's detailed volume deals with the development of the Marshall Plan from then on up until 1952. Both volumes concentrate their attention upon what the administrative officials within the Government thought and did.

Mr. Jones, who helped in the drafting of President Truman's speech to Congress on Greece and Turkey and his enunciation of the Truman doctrine, and of Under Secretary Acheson's trial balloon speech at Cleveland, Mississippi, in May 1947, describes the steps in the preparation of both of those two addresses and also of Secretary Marshall's address. It is interesting to note that while George Kennan (the not-so-mysterious "Mr. X") is commonly credited with being the author of the containment policy, Mr. Jones states that he was strongly opposed to the vital portions of the Truman speech which laid down this policy. Mr. Price centers his attention upon how the Economic Cooperation Administration was set up, the decisions which it made, and how its policies changed as Europe began to produce more food, and then after the Communists invaded South Korea.

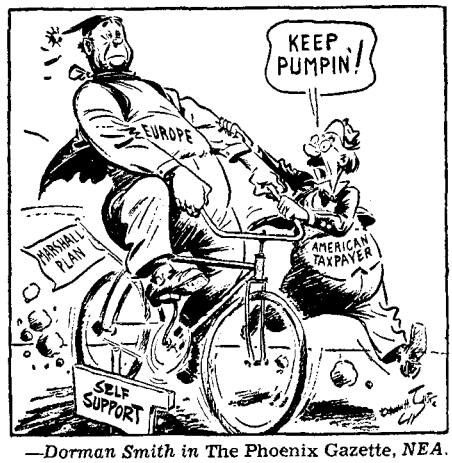
Both Mr. Jones and Mr. Price pay deserved tribute to the little-known Government officials in both the State Department and ECA who had the foresight to see that Western Europe was breaking down and that bold action on our part was needed both to save Western civilization and to arrest the spread of Communism. In view of the abuse which these officials received during this same period, this recognition of their services is a welcome, if belated, recognition of their true worth.

But in the background of all these events were the three men who had to make the ultimate decisions, George Marshall, Dean Acheson, and Harry Truman. All of these men have suffered from partisan abuse during this last decade, but as the fog begins to lift their true stature emerges. Marshall had the austere devotion to the national welfare which characterizes the soldier-patriot. Dean Acheson bore with dignity the poisonous slurs of politicians while he worked constructively and with great ability to strengthen the economic foundations of the free world and to contain Communism.

But towering above both of these men was the most disparaged figure of all, Harry Truman. Repudiated at the polls, tormented by both press and opposing politicians, sneered at as an ignoramus, Truman nevertheless grasped the essential realities and had the supreme courage to act. Mr. Jones records that when the then Chief of Staff, General Eisenhower, questioned at a crucial policy meeting whether Truman really understood the importance of the tremendous decision he was making about Greece and Turkey the President spoke extemporaneously for a quarter of an hour on the strategic realities and importance of the Aegean Sea and the Eastern Mediterranean. Nor had these men misgauged the capacity of the American people to rise to the emergency. The much-dreaded opposition turned out not to be formidable and America took up the challenge. Those who, like Mr Lippmann, doubt the ability of the public to respond to crucial issues should take note of this bit of history

THERE is little doubt that our action not only prevented the Communists from taking over Greece and Turkey, but also saved Italy. Then by the Marshall Plan we first fed and later equipped Western Europe so that it was helped back on its feet. All in all it was one of the most unselfish and at the same time enlightened acts of long-run national benefit in our history. Even those who then attacked it as "pouring money down a rat hole" have been in the main compelled to continue the program and Point Four now that they have assumed the responsibilities of office.

The chief criticism which Mr. Price

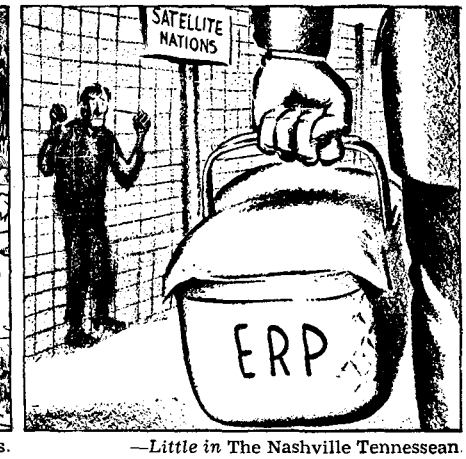


—*Dorman Smith in* The Phoenix Gazette, *NEA.*

"He's Finally Getting the Hang of It!"

—*Brooks in* The Birmingham News.

"Traveling Is Becoming Easier."



—*Little in* The Nashville Tennessean.

"The Observer."

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eems to make of our administration f the Marshall plan is that we were nduly peremptory in 1950-1951 in etting Europe to rearm and in shift- ıg from economic to military aid. But ıis was in fact forced on us by the ommunist invasion of Korea, by the ntrance of China into the war, and y the aggressive practices of Soviet ussia. Russia was not willing to per- ıit a peaceful competition between ıe free world and her dictatorship. Ve had to take up the challenge and et effective support for freedom in ıe world.

MY OWN criticism of ECA and of ıe State Department would be of a ery different nature. While the gen- ral work was good there was serious verstaffing in both services—particu- ırly in some of the European mis- ons. In addition, the high officials of oth agencies opposed the efforts of ır-seeing members of Congress to se the Marshall Plan to help Europe ıove further on the path towards emocracy. In 1949 and again in 1950 ıe high officials fought Senator Ful- right's suggestion to use some of the ınds to induce the European nations integrate economically and to take eps towards political union. Only hen the time was nearly up and our ıfluence rapidly diminishing, did CA and the State Department take elated and largely ineffectual steps carry out what Fulbright had earlier dvocated.

Similarly, in 1951 and 1952 the up- er echelons gave no support to those f us in Congress who were trying to ass the Benton-Moody amendment hich earmarked some funds in order stimulate foreign firms to break way from the European price-fixing artels and to deal collectively with ıe non-Communist unions. Once this esolution was passed by a narrow ıargin ECA promptly proceeded to abotage the program and made no eal effort to carry it out.

It is true that the officials of these ervices suffered unjustly at the hands f some members of Congress. But it also true that the officials of State nd the upper echelons of ECA eated even their friends in Congress ith a polished disdain. They had to ccept the constructive and invaluable ıggestions of Senator Vandenburg, ut towards virtually all others they ırned a deaf ear and refused to treat ıe legislature as a cooperative part- er.

In my judgment the basic attitudes nd behavior of both legislators and fficialdom towards each other must nprove before we can hope for the ighest effectiveness. The fault is not ll on one side.

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Charles P. Curtis—"incisive remarks."

Scientist on the Scale

"The Oppenheimer Case," by Charles P. Curtis *(Simon & Schuster. 281 pp. $4), is a distinguished Boston lawyer's analysis of the case of a distinguished American scientist and what it has revealed about our security system. It is reviewed below by Frank Altschul, vice president of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By Frank Altschul

A PERSONNEL Security Board, under the chairmanship of Dr. Gordon Gray, held hearings in the matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer from April 12 through May 6, 1954. The transcript of these hearings, running to almost a thousand pages, is a fascinating document which far too few of us will be able to take the time to read. Having weighed the testimony and examined in detail the FBI file on Dr. Oppenheimer, together with other relevant material, the board issued its findings and recommendation on May 27, 1954.

As Charles P. Curtis points out in his book "The Oppenheimer Case," the board stated: "We find no evidence of disloyalty. Indeed, we have before us much responsible and positive evidence of the loyalty and love of country of the individual concerned." Unlike the United States Atomic Energy Commission, which in its decision on appeal was for no apparent reason curiously silent on this subject, the board went out of its way to affirm and reaffirm its complete confidence in Dr. Oppenheimer's loyalty. Furthermore, as Mr. Curtis reminds us, "Oppenheimer was not only loyal. He was discreet." The board was quite emphatic in asserting "that Dr. Oppenheimer seems to have had a high degree of discretion reflecting an unusual ability to keep to himself vital secrets."

"The nation owes these scientists," said the board, "a great debt of gratitude for loyal and magnificent service. This is particularly true with respect to Dr. Oppenheimer." Nonetheless, two members of the three-man board, including the chairman, having "given particular attention to the question of his loyalty" and, having "come to a clear conclusion . . . that he is a loyal citizen," found themselves "unable to arrive at the conclusion that it would be clearly consistent with the security interests of the United States to reinstate Dr. Oppenheimer's clearance and, therefore, do not so recommend."

To the uninitiated it will seem incomprehensible, to say the very least, that a person of preeminent ability, whose loyalty and discretion were unquestioned, should have been denied the clearance necessary to permit him to continue to render brilliant service to his government. To trace the steps leading to such a seeming absurdity is the purpose of Mr. Curtis's book, which carries the appropriate subtitle "The Trial of a Security System." It is because he has been deeply aroused by the abuses and injustices which are the almost inevitable concomitant of the administration of the security system under present regulations that Mr. Curtis has undertaken to write this telling tract.

Mr. Curtis's book takes the form of a running commentary on extensive quotations from the transcript of the hearings. But these quotations bulk so large that they tend to overshadow the incisive and illuminating remarks of the author. Nonetheless, there is no mistaking the fact that in Mr. Curtis's view a gross injustice was done to Dr. Oppenheimer. And while he does not exonerate the board, his principal shafts are directed at the system under which it operated.

FOR in all fairness, one must admit that this was neither a simple nor a clear-cut case. The proceedings were conducted under Executive Order 10450, which set criteria and standards more searching than those prevailing in the past. Most of the "derogatory information" was not new. In spite of it, Dr. Oppenheimer had been cleared on more than one previous occasion. Yet the board had to reexamine all this in the light of a changed directive; and in the end sorely troubled men found it impossible to agree about the weight to be

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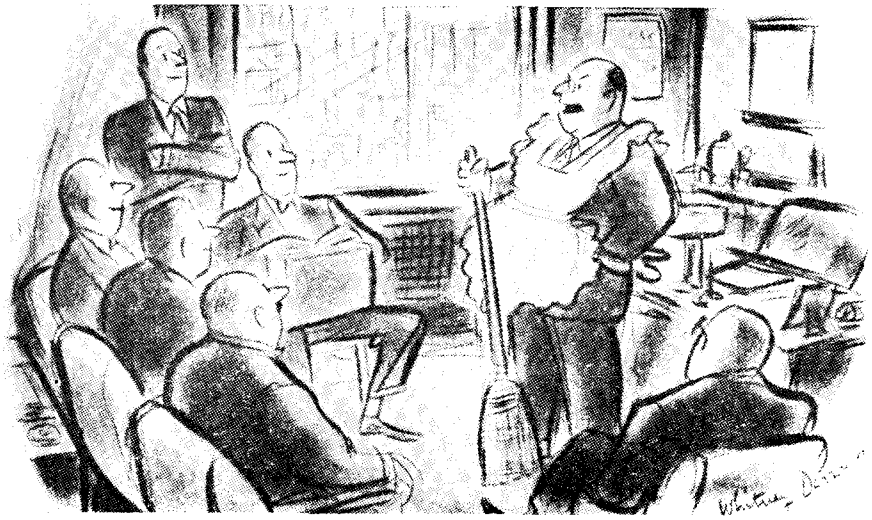
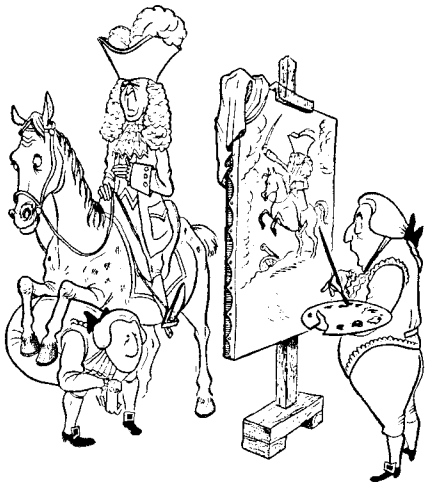


—*From "The New Yorker 1950-1955 Album."*

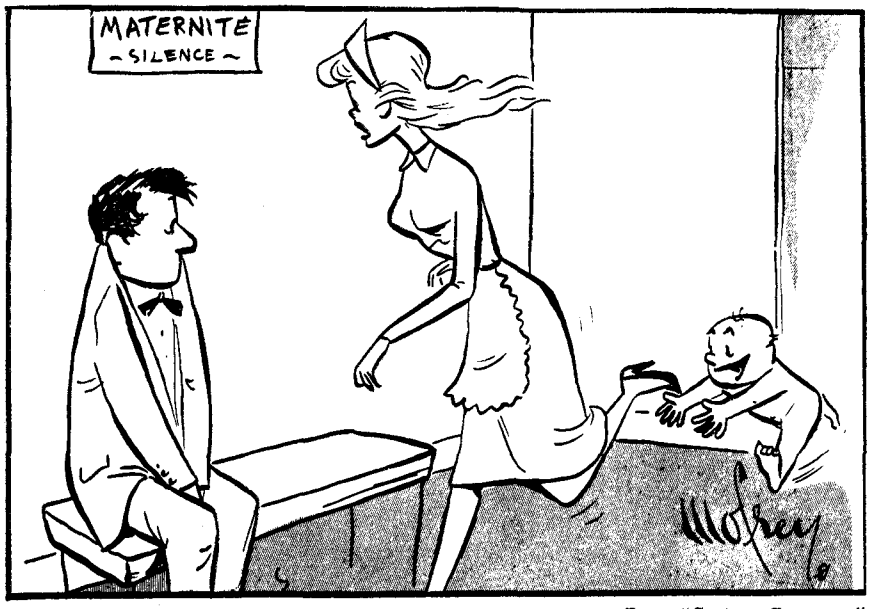
"All right, Haskell—sell me."

IF YOU are an American don't worry if you find yourself laughing at only one of the three cartoons shown here. Of all the forms of communication probably none is more nationally stereotyped than is the art of cartooning. This generalization is illustrated by two new cartoon books, an American one, **"The New Yorker 1950-1955 Album"** (Harper, $5), and one international in scope, **"Cartoon Treasury,"** edited by Lucy and Pyke Johnson (Doubleday, $4.95). Of the examples shown, the one at right is typically British, the one below is typically French, and one at top, being typically American, is probably just as unfunny to the French and the British as, the chances are, the French and British cartoons are to you, or all three to a Chinese.



—*From "Cartoon Treasury."*

"Let's have it a bit more rampant, George."



—*From "Cartoon Treasury."*

"It's a boy!"

allotted to the varied elements of a complex story.

Testimony overwhelmingly favorable to Dr. Oppenheimer was given by a large number of individuals of the greatest distinction. Men who had worked with him intimately, and for years, such as Dr. Vannevar Bush, Dr. Karl Compton, John J. McCloy, Gordon Dean, and David Lilienthal, among others, were uniform in their expression of complete confidence in him, and in their praise of his unique and invaluable contribution to the security of the United States. George Kennan, to select only one example from many, testifying "without reservation as to [his] judgment of Dr. Oppenheimer's character and loyalty," made this trenchant remark:

> One of the convictions that I have carried away from such experience as I have had with these matters in the field of Soviet work concerning the Soviet Union is that these things cannot really be judged in a fully adequate way without looking at the man as an entirety. That is, I am skeptical about any security processes that attempt to sample different portions of a man's nature separate from his whole being. I must say as one who has seen Robert Oppenheimer now over the course of several years, and more latterly outside of Government, that I have these feelings and entertain them on the basis of my estimate of his personality and his character as a whole.

IN THE light of the foregoing, what can be said of the board? First of all, it had to operate within the framework of a rigid security policy, the shortcomings of which are underscored in Mr. Curtis's book. Then there were disturbing incidents to which the board obviously attached considerable importance. The most damaging was the Chevalier-Eltenton affair, the details of which are fully covered in Mr. Curtis's book. In dealing with an approach made to him on behalf of an alleged Communist named Eltenton, by his friend Haakon Chevalier, Dr. Oppenheimer admits that he told Colonel Pash a story which was in large measure a complete fabrication. He subsequently repeated this tale to Colonel Lansdale and General Groves. To have dealt in this manner with the General and with two Army security officers was highly improper, as was Dr. Oppenheimer's delay of about four months in advising the authorities of the Eltenton-Chevalier approach. This he now frankly admits, and he sincerely regrets the course he followed for rea-

(*Continued on page* 31)

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FICTION

Hollywood Saturnalia

***"The Deer Park," by Norman Mailer** (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 375 pp. $4), the new novel by the author of "The Naked and the Dead," is an account of odd people and strange mores in Hollywood.*

By Hollis Alpert

IT SEEMS to be true about Hollywood that in fiction and in stage plays it is more often exposed than understood. The milieu has been explored again and again, yet each time our authors come up with much the same set of stock characters. Pick up a novel about Hollywood (or even see a movie about Hollywood) and one is bound to meet up with that same smug, ill-bred, vulgar producer fellow, complete with low I.Q. and high sexual appetite. The producer, in this school of fiction, is distinctly not to be trusted. Watch out, or he'll toss a knife into the back of an unsuspecting writer, make hacks out of the sensitive and artistic people he hires. By now, the Hollywood novel has become a kind of morality play. Will integrity or commercialism prevail? The answer is preordained.

In Norman Mailer's third novel, "The Deer Park," the familiar types reappear, like old acquaintances. Here is that producer fellow again, this time called Herman Teppis. He's the head of Supreme Pictures, Incorporated, and he is not a nice man. Then

Norman Mailer—"garish and gauche."

there is Lulu Meyers, beautiful young star, headstrong, spoiled, very sexy. What Lulu wants Lulu gets. Why not? Isn't she very high up on the Bimmler ratings? We meet, also, Teddy Pope, handsome leading man, a confirmed homosexual.

One would have thought that it would be a difficult job these days to write a scandalous book about Hollywood, but Mr. Mailer has given it a determined try. He has managed to be neither more nor less scandalous than anyone else; what he has managed to do is write a grotesque and often silly book; he has written it with great pretentiousness, and a sort of arrogant seriousness. His failure to interest the reader is so complete that one would have to look hard and fine to see much resemblance between the writer of "The Naked and the Dead" and the writer of "The Deer Park." I'm not sure why this is so, but I am sure that in this book Mr. Mailer hasn't found a subject to which his gifts can be applied.

I suspect, though, that he had in mind more than the usual expose of Hollywood, for his narrator and, in a way, his chief character are hardly representative of any film colony known, or hitherto imagined. This narrator, Sergius O'Shaughnessy, is an odd ball indeed. At the age of twenty-three, an ex-pilot in the Korean War with three enemy planes to his credit, he decides to settle down for a while in Desert d'Or, a mythical spa inhabited by members of the film colony and assorted drifters. There he encounters Charlie Eitel, a politically proscribed movie director, and the director's ex-wife, Lulu Meyers, beautiful young movie star. He also meets Herman Teppis, big movie producer, and the son-in-law of Teppis, Collie Munshin. Among his other friends is a weirdie, Marion Faye, who at the age of twenty-one is dissipated, perverse, sadistic, and a panderer more or less for the fun of it. Then there is the girl Elena, who is sort of the heroine of the book.

SERGIUS has $14,000 won in an Army crap game, and this money, plus his native good looks, enables him to squire Lulu about and be her bed companion for a while, that is, until she is unfaithful to him in a telephone booth. In the meantime he has been offered $50,000 by Teppis to sell the rights to his rather dull life story and to become the star in an epic movie made from it. Sergius, being a young man of scruples, turns this offer down, is thrown over by Lulu, migrates to Mexico, where he seduces the mistress of a bullfighter, unsuccessfully tries to become a bullfighter himself, and eventually wanders to Greenwich Village, where he sets up a bullfighting studio. After some more affairs with girls he gets down to becoming a writer.

Meanwhile, gifted with some sort of second sight, he learns all the intimate boudoir details of his Desert d'Or friends. These revelations take up a good part of the book, because practically everyone in this novel sleeps with everyone else. Elena and Marion Faye, in particular, go in for what might be termed varieties of sexual experience. Some of the pornographic details are missing, but the crudeness and the sophomorism are not. Perhaps Mr. Mailer was trying to describe some sort of purgatory of the soul (and the body) in which all his dreary Hollywood creatures were caught. But the windy writing allows no meaning of any kind to come through. And perhaps O'Shaughnessy is meant to signify the prototype of the New Lost Generation; if so he simply stands for a whining and quite ugly futility. The dregs of human experience have been written about before, and have sometimes been illuminated by the quality of an author's vision. Nothing of the sort happens here. Mr. Mailer, all too often, is simple, garish, and gauche, and he has not made his characters seem worth reading about.

A Consolation

By Carleton Drewry

OH, DO not grieve that they go.
It is your loss that they leave.
Think now of your own grave slow
Going, how it will bereave
Others after you. Do not grieve

For this final fact once set
In flesh that must learn the cost
Of the old usurious debt
Owed a thing demanding most
From the loser, not the lost.

For nothing can be enough
To settle this sum, nor aid
This strange and instable stuff.
Grieve not for all goings whereof
Immortality is made.

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Small Savages

"Lord of the Flies," by William Golding *(Coward-McCann. 243 pp. $3.50), like that classic "A High Wind in Jamaica," tells of some English children stranded beyond civilization's pale.*

By Louis J. Halle

THE oldest of the English schoolboys was twelve and the youngest six. Finding themselves plane-wrecked on an uninhabited tropical island, without grownups, they had to manage for themselves. English political experience since Runnymede, however, made its contribution. An assembly was called, a leader elected, rules established, assignments distributed. Civilization had come down out of the sky with the children.

But so had savagery, and fear of the unknown brought it out. Parliamentary procedure, after all, cannot propitiate the beast in the dark. For that you have to paint your face with colored clays, chant incantations, dance ritualistically, and offer blood sacrifices. So the struggle between civilization and barbarism began.

William Golding tells all this in his first novel, "Lord of the Flies." One is impressed by the possibilities of his theme for an expression of the irony and tragedy of man's fate. Against his majority of little savages he places a remnant that convincingly represents the saving element of human heroism, thereby posing the eternal moral conflict. But he cannot quite find his meaning in this material. The heroes come to a bad end, having contributed nothing to such salvation as the society achieves. There is a great deal of commotion, and the last page is nothing more than a playwright's contrivance for bringing down the curtain. One is left asking: What was the point?

In 1929 Richard Hughes's "The Innocent Voyage" (also published as "A High Wind in Jamaica") set a standard for accounts of savage-civilized children (who are simply grownups more plainly written). The Bas-Thornton children were such fiends that even the pirates who captured them were shocked; but the angel still lay hidden in each. Hughes had simply turned the Victorian view of childhood upside down. The brutality with which he did this, however, revealed his humanitarianism. His inverted world was still a world for God's pity.

The integrity of "The Innocent Voyage" was perfect. It represented the single vision of a literary artist who knew human nature from personal experience. In Mr. Golding's novel, however, the novelist's vision conflicts with that of the textbook anthropologist. The novelist sees good opposed to evil; he recognizes the existence and the utility of heroes. But the social scientist deals only with amoral phenomena. In his termite society the novelist's heroes are social misfits who must come to a bad end, one suspects, to confirm the tacit assumption that maladjustment is undesirable. The intimidated novelist, thus opposed by the misplaced authority of science, dares hardly suggest even that his heroes save the honor of mankind. The best he can do, at last, is to find a meaningless fulfilment in thrills and horror. His rocket explodes in the air, spectacular for the moment, but leaving only the memory of a light that went out and the dead stick of an academic conception.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 642

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 642 will be found in the next issue.

LIFE MY EACH DO

GFNRGMPIE MY SUE

FGLFOY EACH DO

YCSGMPIE.

KUCDHAE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 641

Men are most apt to believe what they least understand.

—MONTAIGNE.

Notes

LAST INDIVIDUAL IN THE WORLD: Novels about the arts, unlike those about bricklayers, clerks, or riding instructors, are usually as indestructible as watercress sandwiches. During the past fifteen years this minor literary rule of thumb has been depressingly applicable to novels on jazz, which, with its overheated, bleary terminologies and ghettoish aspects, is perhaps the hardest of all artforms to penetrate persuasively. **"Solo,"** a first novel by Stanford Whitmore (Harcourt, Brace, $4.95), is no exception. Mr. Whitmore, whose prose is filled with poetic weather and interminable cigarettes, handles most of the musicians in his book as though they were overweight children, and in describing the actual music falls back helplessly on ". . . his hands blurred above the keys, his right heel like a piston, the beat, the beat, fused with his body to the piano, the altar, and in his eyes were dreams." In spite of this, however, the author has created in his central character—a young pianist significantly named Virgil Jones, who apparently plays like Art Tatum-Lennie Tristano, with a dash of Teddy Weatherford thrown in—an extraordinary inhuman figure who jolts through the book like a sort of huge, concrete, semi-divinity. For Jones, who shamelessly dispenses printed cards reading "I AM THE LAST INDIVIDUAL IN THE WORLD," is an impossible but somehow credible and affecting symbol of the perfect Individual at bay in modern society. He pays the price, of course, for such corrugated behavior by getting repeatedly clouted and spat on. But by the end of the story he has outmuscled a snaky, power-mad impresario, resuscitated the aimless music-shop owners who had "discovered" him, cooled off another jazz pianist insanely jealous of him, overcome his own deafness, and kept his integrity moonwhite. Mr. Whitmore has pulled a remarkable bunny out of his hat in Virgil Jones, and Hollywood, which has already brought the book, could do worse than Primo Carnera for the title role. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

RACISM IN AFRICA: An exceptionally forceful, intelligent, and sensitive novel by Denys Jones called **"Look Not Upon Me"** (Criterion Books, $3.50) provides the clear illumination of an area of experience unlikely to be familiar to the American reader. The author, a white man, who is more than fair—he is deeply sympathetic to the Negro—accomplishes two things very successfully; through the love affair of

(*Continued on page* 32)

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AMERICANA

Serenade to the Second City

***"Chicago, with Love," by Arthur Meeker** (Alfred A. Knopf. 293 pp. $4.75), offers the boyhood reminiscences of a scion of South Side society who has since made good in the literary world. Wayne Andrews spent his formative years in that citadel of "passion for the higher life," Winnetka, Illinois.*

By Wayne Andrews

THERE is, as any Chicagoan could tell you, a lot more to America's second city than anyone has been able to discover between the time the *Twentieth Century* pulls in and the *Super-Chief* heads west. The natives have always believed, and they may be right, that books about their city should be written only by those born and bred on the site of Fort Dearborn. Now, at last, we have a portrait by an author whose grandmother settled on the lake front as long ago as 1845. Though Arthur Meeker is now ensconced in a New York apartment he knows he can never say goodbye to his home town. "In a minor degree," he confesses in his book "To Chicago with Love," "I am a Chicago institution."

No native needs to be told that the author's father was one of the great P. D. Armour's lieutenants. For long the manager of the packer's European business, he lost two fortunes and made three. The first vanished in the failure of Armour & Co. in the recession following the First World War. The second disappeared about the time that Samuel Insull fled to Greece. Through it all Arthur Meeker, Sr. kept his head and the admiration of his son. Only once was he discouraged, when Insull stock certificates were being used to light grate fires on Lake Shore Drive. "I can only do little things for you now, Sonny," he complained.

Readers of "Chicago, with Love" will understand that Father Meeker made it possible for his son to know all that our second city had to offer in the days when it had an opera company of its own. As you may remember if you have read the author's best-selling novel "Prairie Avenue," he spent his childhood on that polite island of the South Side between Sixteenth and Twenty-second Streets. Below Twenty-second the Avenue was terra incognita. "We ask them to our weddings, but not to our dinner parties," young Meeker's mother commented on the ladies down the street.

Needless to say, the Meekers moved to the North Side the day it became apparent that Prairie Avenue was no longer discreet. Settling eventually in a princely apartment at 1100 Lake Shore Drive, they pondered for a moment in which suburb to spend their summers. "In our book Evanston was down as pious and fuddy-duddy." As for Winnetka it was "sicklied o'er with a passion for the higher life." Naturally they decided on Lake Forest and built a villa near that of Ogden Armour.

So much for the scenery of "Chicago, with Love." The cast, as you may have guessed, is complete. There is Ogden Armour, "a simple soul, guileless and kindly, who always sat edgewise at table, as if prepared to take flight if a situation arose." Then there are the Insulls, neither of whom were favorites of the Meeker family. "It would be hard to decide which of them deserved the prize for ignoble deportment," Mr. Meeker observes. "Each had made a study of the art of unamiability." Finally, there are all the celebrities of the Chicago social world, from Edith Rockefeller McCormick to Janet Ayer Fairbank.

Like the parents of most authors, Father and Mother Meeker were puzzled by their son's literary success. The former preferred champagne to poetry, and the latter once swallowed a wad of chewing gum while reading a thriller in bed. These are failings which Mr. Meeker is willing to forgive, and no wonder. His parents provided him with almost as many anecdotes as did Chicago's opera stars.

Though Chicagoans have been known to take themselves much more seriously than does Mr. Meeker no one can deny that the flavor of this book is as authentic as that of a soda sipped in the green room of Kranz's never-to-be-forgotten candy store. Natives may feel that here is a period piece that can be appreciated only by themselves, but they will be wrong. Social history as entertaining as this can be enjoyed anywhere on earth.

—*From "Chicago, with Love."*

Meeker *père* at the Opera (1927).

Film Czar

***"The Memoirs of Will H. Hays"** (Doubleday. 600 pp. $7.50) is the autobiography of a Hoosier politician who will probably be longest remembered as Hollywood's custodian of morality. Hugh M. Flick of the University of the State of New York, who reviews it below, has had his share of experiences as a film censor in New York State.*

By Hugh M. Flick

THERE is an old movie saying that there is nothing more difficult than to make a long story short. Will Hays has sought valiantly but rather unsuccessfully to meet up to this test. Throughout the 581 pages of "The Memoirs of Will H. Hays" there is a constant bombardment of facts, figures, and people which gives the work a textbook flavor. There is a feeling that the text was prepared from carefully compiled notes neatly arranged and carefully selected. There is also a sort of fearful sense that someone's sensibilities might be hurt and elaborate care is taken to see that full justice is done to everyone. Even the rough and tumble of politics seems orderly and logical—and Will Hays was in the midst of political maneuvering from boyhood to the end of his public life. The smooth flow of the chronicle and the very lack of rancor present a readable but somehow not fully plausible record of his times.

These were times of unusual bitterness and hate. His life (1879-1954) spanned two world wars and sev-

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eral smaller ones. He was in college in the Gay Nineties. He was in Washington in the Roaring Twenties, and he was in New York and Hollywood in the "depressed Thirties." He played a crucial role in national politics, associating with the leaders in banking, industry, and politics. Finally, for nearly a quarter of a century he stood as a buffer between the public and the organized motion-picture industry.

Throughout these stirring and controversial times the world of Will Hays was logical and rational. The endless succession of conferences and dinners, the steady stream of personalities with whom he settled delicate problems, and his inexhaustible optimism and confidence are not only reflected in his memoirs but also probably constitute an index to his character. He loved to live by formula, and minor variations served to strengthen his faith rather than weaken it. He liked to believe that he always followed his father's advice to give "Providence the glory but do the engineering." Throughout his life he felt that the hand of destiny directed his major moves and guided him in his course of action.

Thus a fortuitous train wreck had him convalescing in his hotel in Washington when Messrs. Saul Rogers and Lewis J. Selznick called and discussed the position of head of the proposed motion-picture association, and it was fortuitous when by chance he overheard a conversation of his son with his cousins acclaiming the motion-picture personality of William S. Hart. These observations convinced him of the potential impact of motion pictures and that his duty was to accept the motion-picture men's proposition. And thereby hangs a code.

It seems evident that Hays shared with the general public the conviction that his real call to fame was the creation of the "Hays Office." Approximately half of his memoirs deal with the motion-picture story. There are proud references to the creation of the "Hayes formula" and its successful application to various problems of the motion-picture industry. This formula was based on the principle that by producing good motion pictures the companies would cater to the best audience taste and create a demand for better pictures which in turn would result in economic, moral, and spiritual profit.

It was a good formula. The application, however, was difficult to say the least. The evolution of the formula into first the "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls," and finally the Production Code, occupied a good share of the time of the President of the Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. There can be little doubt that the application of restraint by the member companies was of real and far-reaching economic importance. It would seem equally true that the observance of positive "Dos" and "Don'ts" did little fundamental damage to the artistic development of the motion picture. The process was a sort of editorial action on the part of the major companies much as a book publisher would exercise editorial discretion. The dangers of self-regulation as finally crystalized in the Production Code would seem to lie in its rigidity and in its interpretation rather than in its aims and objectives.

From where Will Hays sat the achievements were most gratifying in terms of a balance between the economic goal of the industry and the demands of various pressure groups and governmental bodies throughout the world. The story of the evolution of the Production Code as recorded and interpreted by Will Hays is reassuring. The violent claims and condemnations of the adherents and opponents of the Production Code seem to lose meaning in the light of Hays's analysis of the problem and his determination to evolve a workable compromise. Indeed, this attitude is typical of Will Hays's relations with both men and problems, and the Hays formula of improvement through understanding is one which well might be applied to other fields than motion pictures.

Notes

SOLDIER OF THE FRONTIER: "Beyond the Cross Timbers" (University of Oklahoma Press, $4) is an excellent biography about Randolph B. Marcy, father-in-law of General George McClellan, himself an Army officer who served for years on the frontier and was one of the most efficient and persistent explorers of the new lands of

—*From "The Settlers' West."*

Spoof of two Western terrors: Indian and grasshopper.

—*From "The American West."*

Restaurant manager forces new millionaire to don a coat to eat.

WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD

THESE sketches of an uncouth millionaire, of a dancing train conductor, and of other traditional trappings of the Wild West all come from two newly published books whose purpose is to depict through pictures and words the forces, both serious and amusing, which went into the vivid and turbulent era of the opening up of the American frontier. The books are **"The American West,"** by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg

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the West. First assigned to posts on the Wisconsin frontier in the 1830s, Marcy moved West with the Army. In the years before the Civil War he led at least five parties of exploration, bringing back valuable reports and maps of unknown areas. During the Civil War he served as chief of staff to his son-in-law, and suffered disgrace and dismissal with him. After the war he returned for a few more years to the West, and then he retired after forty-eight years of service. This is not only a story of adventure, it is also the life of an interesting, in many ways a great, man. It is the story of the Army posts and Army men who guarded and led the way for the settlers who were to come.

—SETH M. AGNEW.

NEW YORK BETWEEN COVERS: In **"The Empire City"** (Rinehart, $5.75) anthologist Alexander Klein offers us New York as it is seen in bird's-eye views, grand tours, reminiscent pieces, and reflective comments, from Mark Twain to Truman Capote. Some of the pieces included are witty, brilliant, and incisive, like E. B. White's study in depth of "this riddle in steel and stone," several of the choicest efforts of Meyer Berger, the late Hy Turkin's hilarious account of "those daffy Dodgers," and a superb excerpt from "The Crack-Up" by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Taken as a whole, however, Mr. Klein's anthology contains a good deal of fat but very little sinew. It has a surface glitter but little depth, and unwittingly manages to convey a curiously static quality about a most dynamic metropolis. If Mr. Klein chooses at times to titillate rather than to enlighten, we have no right perhaps to quarrel with him. But his painting of the island seems seamy and sordid and gaudy. He chooses to discuss Tong wars, Harlem cabarets, red-light districts, and Lepke rather than to tell us about New York's vast system of public education, or about its role in arts, sciences, letters, and the theatre (perhaps the greatest deficiency in the book), or about its century-old position of financial leadership. Certainly Gene Brown's extremely superficial account of Wall Street might well have been supplemented by stories of frenzied finance, running from Black Friday on to the Great Crash and ahead to the Eisenhower Permanent Boom. In short, there is still a fabulous story to be told and only part of it has been told here. Perhaps the whole of it never will. Perhaps there are more things in the heaven and earth which make up New York than are dreamt of in the philosophies of those who write about it.

—RICHARD B. MORRIS.

AS A BRITON SEES US: If **"The Great Experiment"** (Cambridge University Press, $5) were written by an American this lucid and comprehensive account of United States history would be remarkable for its sharp insights into our growth. But its author, Frank Thistlewaite, is a Briton, a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, which makes its learning and understanding of our national evolution all the more remarkable. Mr. Thistlewaite's purpose is not to inform Americans, but to provide a point of departure in American history for the British undergraduate. But the result is a point of view about our history and society all the more challenging because it is ourselves as another sees us.

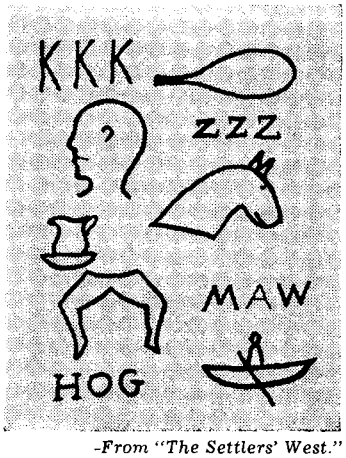
This point of view is implicit in the book's title. After some 300 years our economic, social, and political attainments are, from the standpoint of one reared in a customary society, an experiment whose full worth is yet to be determined. The American people, Mr. Thistlewaite believes, still are pursuing their Revolutionary ideal—"a Republic established in the belief that men of good will could voluntarily come together in the sanctuary of an American wilderness to order their common affairs according to rational principles; . . . a society fluid and experimental, uncommitted to rigid values, cherishing freedom of will and choice and bestowing all the promise of the future on those with the manhood to reject the past."

But can American society thus evolved and thus conditioned meet the challenge of the Atomic Age, with its multiple problems of world coexistence? On this point Mr. Thistlewaite is not so sure, or at least he declines to prophesy, for he is content to end his appraisal of us with a quotation from Walt Whitman that "the United States are destined either to surmount the gorgeous history of feudalism or else prove the most tremendous failure of time."

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

The Bishop Is Coming!
LET US ALL TURN OUT AND
HEAR THE BISHOP
Services in George and Human's Hall tomorrow, Sunday, at 11 A.M. and 8 P.M.
PLEASE LEAVE YOUR GUNS WITH THE USHER

—From "The Settlers' West."



-From "The Settlers' West."

—From "The American West."

Poster was sign of rough times. Logmarks proclaimed timber owners. Western wit sometimes forced conductors to dance at station.

(Dutton, $12.50), and **"The Settlers' West,"** by Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown (Scribner, $7.50). Of the two, the first is by far the bigger, the more handsome, and the more informative. In excellent photos and text it traces the course of a past era from covered wagons to railroads and from coonskin-capped hunters to outlaws and, finally, to vigilantes. Many of its illustrations were obtainable only from the private collections of its authors—a fact which by no means detracts from the book's interest and its value. By comparison the other volume, "The Settlers' West," is a slim, unimaginative, and uninspiring history of a fascinating American era.

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Glimpses of Nippon's Past

"Anthology of Japanese Literature: Vol. 1," compiled and edited by Donald Keene *(Grove Press. 422 pp. $6.50), the first of a two-volume work, covers Nipponese writing from earliest times to the mid-nineteenth century. Faubion Bowers, who reviews it below, was U.S. censor of the Japanese theatre during the American Occupation and is the author of "The Japanese Theatre."*

By Faubion Bowers

SINCE the defeat of Japan in 1945 a fairly steady stream of books dealing with Japan has appeared in America. Most of them analyze either the culture or the social structure, some of them are translations of stories and novels by Japanese authors, and a number of them are based on the Occupation and America's ensuing discovery of Japanese values. The majority of these have been creditable, and some have been remarkable. But with the publication of Donald Keene's "Anthology of Japanese Literature," the first book of its kind in English, following close on his "Japanese Literature: An Introduction for Western Readers," "The Japanese Discovery of Europe," and "The Battles of Coxinga," it is very clear that now an authority of major importance has finally emerged from the wealth of American enthusiasts and well-wishers for Japan. For the last ten years America has been exceeding England in bulk of Japanese studies, but it is only with Dr. Keene, I feel, that the quality of England's Arthur Waley and Sir George Sansom is at last equaled by an American. I know of no one in recent times who has made a more indelible mark in the field of Oriental studies or who brings a more lucid explanation of Japan to the Western reader.

"Anthology of Japanese Literature" covers in this first of two volumes (the second is to appear early next year) the range of Japanese literature from its earliest era through the mid-nineteenth century. Equally as interesting as the selective and editorial aspects of the book are the succinct introduction, the interpretive explanations prefacing each example, and the illuminating footnotes scattered throughout the text. Dr. Keene includes copious and excellent translations of his own (about one-third of the book) as well as several which recall names already familiar to us and yet others which introduce us to a host of new, young American translators. Almost all their excerpts are in fine, readable style.

The book presents extracts, almost in capsule form, of the best works from over a thousand years of Japanese literary output appropriately chosen for foreigners. It moves from passages dealing with the mythological origins of the Japanese nation peopled with gods and goddesses to novels of the Tokugawa period almost contemporary in their freshness and directness. In covering so vast a field within so short a space obviously there are omissions that everyone must regret. But the task of excerpting was a difficult and painful one. The exclusion of Kabuki, for example, is partially recompensed by a tender and generous consideration of both No and Joruri puppet plays.

For those interested in the theatre "The One Mind Linking All Powers," in which Zeami, the greatest of the No dramatists, discusses esthetic theory, is of particular value. This section has a parallel later on in the book with "Chikamatsu on the Art of the Puppet Stage." In this, actually a conversation recorded by a friend in 1738, Chikamatsu Monzaemon, Japan's greatest playwright, explains with dazzling brilliance the secrets and techniques of his literary craft. This is followed by a felicitous translation by Dr. Keene of one of Chikamatsu's masterpieces, "The Love Suicides at Sonezaki," carefully presented almost in its entirety. It offers for the reader the concrete illustration of later theory that the better-known No translations provide for Zeami's analysis.

THE chief importance of the "Anthology of Japanese Literature" is of course in its elucidating compilation of material and the incidental knowledge it gives on a subject which can in less deft hands be overwhelmingly complex for a lay reader. But the selections are drawn for their mood and beauty as well as for their significance as being representative of the main streams of Japanese literature. There is a translation from "Kagero Nikki," a diary written in the tenth century, which is an almost unbearably moving depiction of a disintegrating marriage.

Clearly, the variety in "Anthology of Japanese Literature" is enormous. But the qualities that make it impressive for more than its bulk are that it is easy to read; that it is also enlightening and instructive; that it is rewarding on its most superficial or its profoundest level. For the layman, I suspect, its main pleasure will be that he can open it anywhere, and wherever his eye falls there is certain to be a sentence that casts a light on a world and a people so many miles and years removed in time.

"Japanese Masters of the Color Print."

"Lovers Sharing an Umbrella."

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Literary Definition

"The Cycle of American Literature," by Robert E. Spiller *(Macmillan. 318 pp. $4.75), is a short history that reflects the work and attitudes of the present generation of American literary historians. Lewis Leary, who reviews it below, is professor of English at Columbia University.*

By Lewis Leary

FINALLY, in "The Cycle of American Literature" we have the proportioned and authoritative short history to which critics and scholars have been contributing for many years. It is fitting that Robert E. Spiller should have managed it, for it is another instance of his accomplishing what many among his peers have insisted could not be done.

Literature in America has been perhaps too often studied piecemeal, without sense of proportion. Serious professional concern with native letters is hardly more than half a century old, and much investigation has been devotedly directed toward setting right the details appropriate to a man or movement. Both the "Cambridge History of American Literature" and the more recent "Literary History of the United States" are patchwork compilations, useful to the expert because put together by many expert hands, but lacking a comprehensive overview revealing pattern or continuity.

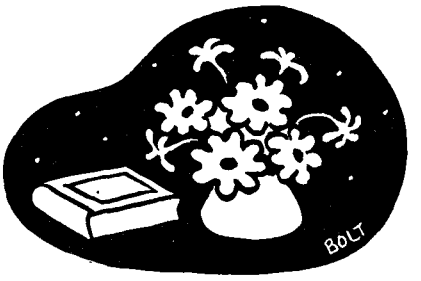
Twenty-five years ago Vernon Parrington in "Main Currents in American Thought" provided a deceptively compact pattern of economic determinism. Inevitably the 1930s brought a Freudian explanation of "Expression in America" by Ludwig Lewisohn and a Marxian explanation by V. F. Calverton. The five volumes of Van Wyck Brooks's "Makers and Finders" present an intensely personal, rich mosaic of literary portrait and interpretation. But except for Floyd Stovall's exposition of "American Idealism" in literature and Walter Fuller Taylor's textbook "History of American Letters" there has been till now no single volume in which the development of our literature can be surveyed without the intrusion of special theory or the clogging accumulation of detail.

MR. SPILLER has grown up with and for thirty years been a sharply effective spearhead in the study of American literary culture. He is not a theorist nor a doctrinaire critic, but an historian, as familiar with what has been written about as with what has been written by American authors. His literary judgments are conservative, and fairly represent the reinterpretation of native letters which has been taking place since 1913 when John Macy in "The Spirit of American Literature" replaced Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes with Thoreau, Whitman, and Mark Twain, which has discovered since then a genuine tradition extending from Hawthorne and Melville to and beyond Henry James, and which has been excitedly a part of what seems an upsurge of literary power in our own day. "American literature," says Mr. Spiller, "when reviewed in terms of its major authors and from the vantage point of the period of its greatest development, the twentieth century, reveals . . . a cyclic rhythm."

It is fruitless to quarrel with Mr. Spiller's judgment that "American writings of the past quarter-century give evidence of a literary renaissance which could come only from a long tradition and a unified culture." Our attitude toward the literature of our day is no less distorted by participation in it than is his. Certainly it is not completely illusion that we seem to have reached a cyclic peak almost exactly one hundred years after the great period which gave us Emerson and Poe, "The Scarlet Letter," "Moby Dick," "Walden," and "Leaves of Grass." Nor is it surprising that, spurred by the challenge thrown down by Van Wyck Brooks almost half a century ago, explorers of American culture should have finally put together a "usable past," a "tradition and unified culture."

Not everyone will agree with everything Mr. Spiller has to say on every American author. He seems excellent on Poe and Hawthorne, superb on Henry Adams, but fails to link Brockden Brown effectively to native tradition, and misses almost completely on Thoreau. Many will not agree that "Eliot's poetry . . . is a series of experiments toward achieving the kind of art he describes in his criticism." At the same time, Mr. Eliot being so much with us, many will.

Yet Mr. Spiller's is a definitive book. It defines the limits of literary scholarship in America as it has been directed in our century upon native letters. It is a judicious recapitulation, systematizing and making available the best judgments resulting from an attitude, nationalistic and self-conscious, which has been greatly productive, but which may have run its course. The cycle of interpretation will certainly turn again, and literature in America be recognized as part of a larger whole which contains also the other literatures of the West.



Looking Forwards

"George Orwell," by Maurice Brander *(Longmans, Green. 212 pp. $3), and* ***"George Orwell," by John Atkins*** *(Frederick Ungar. 348 pp. $4.50), are biographical-critical studies of one of the most important British novelists and critics of our time. Professor Harvey Curtis Webster of the University of Louisville reviews them below.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

WHEN "Down and Out in Paris and London," George Orwell's first book, was published in 1933 very few recognized it as anything but an unpleasant disturbance. Indeed, it was not until "Animal Farm," the most deceptively amiable "fairy story" since "Gulliver's Travels," appeared in 1945 that Orwell began to be recognized as a major writer. In between there were twelve years of near-poverty and eight books. The four that were novels—"Burmese Days," "A Clergyman's Daughter," "Keep the Aspidistra Flying," and "Coming Up for Air"—were not only ill paced, overdocumented, and excessively didactic; they also told uncomfortable truths about imperialism, middle-class respectability, religiosity, and the modern defamation of Chapter 13, First Corinthians.

The other books were equally against the grain. "Homage to Catalonia" told the intellectuals for whom it was written what was wrong with Loyalist Spain when it was popular for them to think it above criticism. "Inside the Whale," among other things, advocated Henry Miller's Thirtyish suggestion that it was intelligent to retreat to the womb. "The Road to Wigan Pier," written for the Left Book Club, spent most of its time indicting the Left. It is not unlikely that "Animal Farm" became popular largely because it was susceptible to misunderstanding.

Looking backwards with the help

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Interim Report on the Maidens

SEVERAL weeks before the twenty-five disfigured Hiroshima Maidens arrived in the United States the Quakers in the New York area held meetings to discuss the hospitality problem. The Quakers had agreed to be responsible for the out-of-hospital care of the survivors of the atomic explosion. Since the surgical work would be spaced out over a period of a year or more, with only four girls in Mt. Sinai Hospital at the same time, the Quakers would have to provide for convalescent care, for transportation to and from the hospital, for sightseeing and entertainment, for vocational guidance in many cases, and for attending to whatever other needs the girls would have during the year.

At the Friends Meeting House in Wilton, Connecticut, where one of the advance planning sessions took place, someone got up to oppose the entire project. He said he had lived in Japan for a number of years and was therefore in a position to offer first-hand advice. He said he did not wish to disparage the desire of the Friends to open their hearts and homes, but he felt that the sponsors of the project had very little realization, apparently, of what was ahead of them. He then presented three specific objections.

First of all, he pointed out, the Japanese girls undoubtedly would become homesick after only a few days in their new surroundings. Having been uprooted so suddenly from one civilization, they could not be expected to make the adjustment to a different world.

Secondly, he said, the food habits of the Japanese are so rigid that the girls could not be expected to make the adjustment to American food.

Thirdly, he continued, the girls would probably suspect the motives of the American families who cared for them. It was very difficult for Japanese to comprehend pure altruism, since so very little of it existed in Japan among people who are not tied together by family bonds.

Having made these three objections, the speaker sat down. Almost instantly one of the Friends arose to offer his home for two of the girls. He said he had never been to Japan but could not bring himself to believe that an act of friendship could be as complicated or as hazardous as had just been described. Besides, he added, the girls were definitely coming to America and he didn't want the Wilton Center to throw a damper on the entire project. The Friends accepted his offer.

Six weeks after the Maidens arrived in the United States the American "parents" took them to the first of a series of summer reunion picnics. I met the Wilton Quaker who had stood up to answer the objections of the expert on Japan and I asked him about his experiences with the Maidens.

"When the girls moved in," he said, "we looked for signs of homesickness or dissatisfaction over food or uneasiness in their general attitude toward us. The first week was too good to be true. The second week was even better. Here it is six weeks and not a single one of the dreadful calamities that had been predicted has come to pass. We thought perhaps we had an exceptional pair; and so we checked with other friends in the metropolitan area. Almost everyone else had the same report. The girls couldn't be more cheerful or more delightful as guests. 'Guests' really isn't the word for it. They're really members of the family.

"So far, no homesickness. And they love American food, especially frankfurters. We've gone sightseeing together—to the United Nations, to the museums, and to places in New England. We've gone to concerts and baseball games. My wife and I couldn't be more grateful. I don't know how we're going to part with them."

I learned that this Quaker and his wife, in preparing for the girls' arrival, took lessons in Japanese. Then at least once a week after the Maidens came the parents invited a Japanese friend from a nearby town for dinner.

ALMOST all the "parents" have remarked at the ease with which communication has been possible across the language barrier. Couples with children tell of the devotion between the Maidens and the infants. One of the most familiar sights at the reunion picnics has been that of a Maiden with a small child in her arms.

Yes, there have been some difficulties, but they are not of the type anticipated by the expert on Japan who had objected to the project. I became aware of these difficulties as the result of a telephone call from a Friend in New Jersey.

"Two of the Maidens are staying with us," she said, "and we couldn't be happier. But the demand for the girls is so great out here that the Friends have decided to rotate them. I have been asked to part with the girls at the end of the month, and I want you to know that I've informed the Friends that, much as I would like to cooperate, I am not going to give up the girls. The Friends have been nice about it, but they are politely insisting that the girls be transferred. Now I want to be polite, too, but let me tell you this: no one is going to take those girls out of here. The girls themselves have told me they will lock themselves in their room rather than leave. And just to make doubly sure, I'll keep the front door locked, too."

The situation was not an easy one, but the lady from New Jersey finally recognized the reasonableness in the Quaker plan to rotate the Maidens. In fact, she herself helped to persuade the girls. That was all that was needed. The girls have adjusted beautifully to their new "parents," towards whom they showed equal devotion.

It is apparent by this time that the non-medical side of the project is as important as the medical in any evaluation of the record to date. The girls are superb good-will ambassa-

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dors from Japan. In community after community they have won the affections of all those who have met them. As a group, they have not been self-conscious about their appearance in public, nor have they been reluctant to do the things that come naturally to young Americans of the same age. They have been assiduously learning the English language and manage quite well on those occasions when they navigate by themselves.

IF YOU asked me what I expect to remember most about their visit to our home," one of the Friends told me, "I should say it was the laughter they brought with them and that they shared with us. We had feared we might have to make a special effort to keep things from becoming too grim or restrained in the presence of disfigured persons. But these girls have a warmth about them and a gift for laughter that created an entirely different and certainly much more welcome atmosphere than the one we anticipated.

"One night, for example, after the girls had been with us for perhaps three weeks, I looked up at the clock and said to them: 'It's time for you chicks to get to bed.' Out came the dictionary. They found the word, then looked at each other incredulously for a split second before each pointed to the other and said, 'We chickens!' They started upstairs, peep-peeping and making clucking sounds. My husband joined in the game by crowing like a rooster. The girls almost became dissolved in laughter. Two nights later we went to the movies. There appeared on the screen the inevitable Pathe-RKO rooster immediately preceding a newsreel. Immediately one of the girls pointed to the screen and called out the name of my husband. I think almost half the theatre joined in the laughter."

Most of the "parents" will mention this gift for laughter when talking about the girls. But they also cite something else. They call attention to the fact that the Maidens have a highly developed esthetic sense.

"The girls had apparently been exposed in Japan to all the usual stereotypes about the United States," one of the Quakers said. "They had heard a great deal about American materialism and gadgets. When they discover at first hand that there is much more than this to America their joy is great. They admire the pride of Americans in their flower gardens or in the arrangement of flowers in the home. They see Americans who have hobbies or who are talented in handicrafts or knitting or dressmaking or painting or who love good music as much as sports, and they are deeply pleased and impressed. When these girls return to Japan they will be able to talk about a much more accurate America than the people there see on the screen."

The relationship between the Quakers and their guests is the typical family one. The girls assist with marketing and household chores and they share in the family pleasures. As a whole they have been remarkably free of illness. One of the girls developed severe abdominal pains one night and Dr. William M. Hitzig, who is in charge of the general medical care of the maidens, was immediately summoned. Dr. Hitzig diagnosed acute appendicitis and the girl was rushed to the hospital for surgery. The operation was a complete success and the girl was returned to her home in a few days, as cheerful as ever, but with an admonition not to eat so many hotdogs so rapidly.

The average weight gain per girl has been almost four pounds. The Maidens have thrived despite the emotional and physical strain of their surgical experiences. So far there has been a total of twenty-nine operations. Dr. Arthur J. Barsky and his staff slowed up the pace during the summer because of the discomfort to patients in abnormally hot weather. But the schedule is now being stepped up again, and there is a fair chance that all the surgery will be completed some time next spring.

The required surgery in most cases is extraordinarily complicated. This is not a matter merely of cutting out a diseased part and then closing the excision. A keloid scar or a high thermal burn scar calls for painstaking tissue reconstruction. The process of regeneration is long and difficult. Massive skin grafting calls for endurance by both patient and doctor.

Following a skin-grafting operation the area receiving the new skin sometimes has less lingering pain than the "donor" area from which the skin has been taken. Realizing this, a "parent" who was bringing her girl to the hospital for a second operation asked to see Dr. Barsky. She told him she had a proposal to make and begged him to consider it seriously. She wanted to give her own skin for her girl and said she had made arrangements to stay at the hospital as long as was necessary for this purpose.

Dr. Barsky said he would have given anything to be able to accept the offer. But the skin from one person cannot be permanently grafted to another, except in the case of identical twins.

A question has been raised in some Japan medical circles about possible special difficulties in treating keloids or scar tissue on the Japanese girls because of the general architecture of the skin and the darker pigmentation. According to the same theory, the texture of Japanese skin causes a graft to become darker on healing than the surrounding area. Dr. Barsky and his staff feel it is too early to reach definitive conclusions about this matter but it is being carefully studied.

GENERALLY speaking, the surgical work on the girls falls into two categories. One involves direct treatment of the disfiguration; *i.e.,* amelioration of the large facial scars. The other involves reconstruction of hands or arms or legs, replacing the destroyed surface tissue. The facial appearances of most of the disfigured girls can be improved but they cannot be restored totally to their pre-injury condition. Decisive and inspiring results, however, can be achieved in liberating fingers and hands from the "contractions" of the muscles and skin that resulted from the burns. In at least a dozen cases so far spectacular success has been scored in making it possible for girls to use their hands normally for the first time in many years.

On August 6, the tenth anniversary of the bombing, many of the Maidens gathered together for specially arranged short-wave telephonic communication with their parents or members of their families in Hiroshima. The signal was good and each girl took her turn in reporting to her family about her experiences in the United States. In the midst of one of the conversations a girl began to weep.

"It is not only because of my happiness that I cry," she said. "I cry because I am holding the telephone with my own hand and you cannot see it. I can move my elbow—like this—and I can move my fingers very easily."

The girls are free of the many misconceptions about plastic surgery that apparently exist in relation to this project in both the United States and Japan. They realize that it is beyond the reach of modern surgery to restore their faces perfectly. But they attach great value to the improvement that is beginning to be manifest, and even greater value to the functional miracles that surgery can produce.

Shortly before one of the girls was wheeled into the operating room, she asked an interpreter to give this message to Dr. Barsky. "Tell Dr. Barsky not to be worried because he cannot give me a new face," she said. "I know my scars are very, very bad and I know Dr. Barsky is worried because he thinks I may expect that I will be as I once was. I know that this is impossible; but it does not matter: something has already healed here inside." —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SELECTION INEVITABLE?

In "Fraternities: Evil Force on the Campus" [*SR* Sept. 10] William Carlson's chief objection to fraternities seems to be that they practise "selection" or "discrimination" in choosing members. I wonder how local college clubs, such as Carlson advocates, could or would avoid this condition. Unless each club were required to accept an unlimited number of members, which it would be impractical if not impossible to do, they would have to exercise some kind of "selection" in recruiting members. And how can we say that in most cases this selection would be noticeably different than at present?

Wesley P. Callender, Jr.

Thornwood, N. Y.

CANCER OR GROWING PAIN

Carlson could head the greatest university on earth and still, I fear, look upon racial discrimination in college fraternities as a cancer which must destroy the possibility of campus brotherhood. The late Dr. J. Hillis Miller took an opposite view. The element that Carlson regarded as a cancer Miller saw merely as a growing pain. "All hopes for a society of men associated in brotherly union for mutual aid or benefit," he declared, "stem from the concept of fraternity. Whatever the exceptions may be, the fact remains that the college fraternity movement defines the concept upon which the hope of the world must ultimately rest."

John Robson.

Garden City, N. Y.

MASONRY ON CAMPUS

Carlson states in one condescending paragraph that early fraternities and their rituals were "a logical upshot of what happens when youngsters form a club." It can be readily proven that the direct ancestors of these organizations were the quite adult, and constructive, rituals of the Masonic order and of the eighteenth-century student groups such as Phi Beta Kappa.

Malcolm Stearns, Jr.

Haddam, Conn.

LAST WAR'S BRAINWASHING

N.C.'s editorial "Schools for Sadists?" [*SR* Sept. 22], concerning the introduction of brainwashing training by the Air Force at Fort Stead, Nevada, was excellent and timely. Brainwashing, however, is not something new to the Armed Forces of the United States. It has merely been conveniently revived.

During World War I the absolutist conscientious objectors at Fort Leavenworth were subjected not only to psychological brainwashing; they were also subjected to physical treatment of comparable severity. Their crime was refusal to work under military auspices. The punishment consisted of alternate two weeks on bread and water, shackled to the bars of their cells nine hours a day for fourteen days with the privilege of sleeping on the floor at nights, and the same treatment with food for another two weeks until the prisoner succumbed!

Roderick Seidenberg.

Pipersville, Pa.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"A vacation? You mean you actually want me to pay you for three days when you won't even be here?"

NO SOLDIERS, NO WAR

In one of his poems Carl Sandburg has a little girl say something like: someday they'll have a war and nobody will come. The H-bomb is making war incredible; perhaps the Fort Stead program will succeed in making membership in the armed forces intolerable.

Ken Winetrout.

Springfield, Mass.

AMEN

Just want to add my amen to "Schools for Sadists?" After reading of the Fort Stead experiments, and seeing some of the pictures you mention, I did say to myself that there should be protest, and hoped some one would have the courage to speak out. You have done it.

J. Ord Cresap.

Canton, Miss.

THE MASK WILL STAY

During the last decade the face of democracy has, bit by bit, been assuming the mask of totalitarianism. When schoolteachers are asked to inform on each other, when young men are denied commissions because of their guilt by blood, and when books are purged from library shelves, to name only a few un-American dispensations, we are closing the gap between the way of life we have cherished and a way of life that is spiritless.

The experiments at Fort Stead are the measure of how far we have succumbed. When we degrade our own trainees and accept such degradation as a means to an end we are no better than the Communists; we have become the enemy; the mask is on to stay.

Mrs. Jose Casanova.

Hamden, Conn.

PROGRESS BUT NO PERFECTION

We read with interest and with amazement Palmer Hoyt's statement ["Getting the Real Story Across," *SR* Sept. 17]: "We have some Negro millionaires; more important, the Negro has attained job and pay equality and full acceptance by American unions, and now competes and earns and lives on equal terms with the white American."

It is not true that Negroes have "attained job and pay equality and full acceptance by American unions." It is true that Negro membership in unions is greater than ever before, but there is still discrimination within many unions and total exclusion from certain others. It is not true that the Negro "now competes and earns and lives on equal terms with the white American." It is true that he more nearly approximates that level than at any previous time. But his opportunities for free competition are still greatly restricted. His average annual income is approximately half that of the white American. Progress has been made, but let's keep our perspective.

Henry Lee Moon.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

New York, N.Y.

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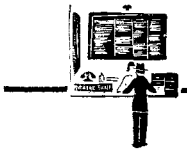

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Death of a Longshoreman

ARTHUR Miller is a writer who in his own words is "becoming" a playwright rather than one who has arrived. He is not a "celebrity," with such skill, sureness, and style that his next work is only a matter of varying the place, plot, and names of the characters. Mr. Miller is also a man who has revealed an extraordinary ear for the language of the working man, and an ability to regard his crumpling under the pressure of malignant social forces as tragedy.

In his latest work, **"A View from the Bridge,"** Mr. Miller presents two moderate-length plays each of which represents personal progress into new areas. The first shows how a group of human beings can be cheapened by the constant waterdrop of shabbiness in an auto-supply house during the Depression. Titled "A Memory of Two Mondays," it has a faint Saroyan flavor. Its people are conventionally drab and not too bright, but most of them indulge in some form of bizarre behavior as their way of protesting while submitting to a hellish existence, brightened only by the suddenly discovered view of naked girls in a "house" across the street. There are the eighteen-year-old Bert, who has fallen in love with the *idea* of education and knowledge even though he recognizes his probable inability ever to become a scholar; Agnes, an old maid in love with the masochistic romance of being in love with a married and alcoholic employe; Gus, a filthy, obscene, but big-hearted shipping foreman who has spent twenty-two years being an unnecessarily crude character at the expense of his sick wife; Jim, a seventy-four-year-old retired soldier who quietly befriends Gus on his drunken jaunts; Larry, a sound, well-adjusted assistant superintendent who irrationally puts himself in debt by purchasing an expensive car because he "happens to like the way the valves are laid out," and, perhaps most important of all, Kenneth, a poetic-souled self-educated Irish boy, whose own passion for washing the windows and letting in the truth lead him to drink, rowdy rebellion, and disintegration of mind.

The cast contains many fine actors, but for the most part they are seen at that disadvantage which so often prevails when very intelligent and sensitive actors are asked to portray relatively unintelligent people. Thus, Biff McGuire as the keener Kenneth comes off best, as he makes us feel the agony that can come from the forgetting of a once-memorized poem. His final singing of "In the ranks of death you will find him /His father's sword he has girded on,/ And his wild harp slung behind him" offers a terrifying contrast between ancient heroism and contemporary ignominy. Those familiar with the entire Thomas Moore poem, "The Minstrel Boy," from which these lines were taken, may find a deeper and perhaps unintended significance if they remember the poem's final words, "Thy songs were made for the brave and the free, /They shall never sound in slavery!"

On the other hand, normally superlative performers Leo Penn as Bert, Eileen Heckart as Agnes, Russell Collins as Jim, and Van Heflin as Larry only shine very briefly in the rare moments when they are allowed reactions which might be their own natural responses. J. Carrol Naish starts off his portrait of Gus with the lusty exaggeration of a burlesque comic, and is hilarious when he engages in a series of antiphonal shrieks with a girl he has surprised in the ladies' room. However, he pays for the broadness of his antics later on when he must try to gain our sincere sympathy for the death of his wife. Comedy and pathos are by no means incompatible, but they must be drawn from the same well. Mr. Naish's vigorous antics throw the play badly out of balance, shifting the focus away from Bert, who being the only one who really absorbs the effects of the play's action should be the one whose reactions are of most interest to the audience.

—Fred Fehl.

Van Heflin—"a telling portrayal."

To make matters worse, director Martin Ritt, faced with the prospect of having to follow this first play with a deeply tragic second one, has chosen to use a rapid pace and to emphasize the comedy. This results in a feeling of inconsequentiality, which might not have been the case had the play been produced by itself, for "A Memory of Two Mondays" is a real and important part of Arthur Miller's exploration of modern man's struggle against indignity.

THE second play, "A View from the Bridge," explores the process whereby one longshoreman can become a despicable informer through refusing to understand the socially taboo reasons that lie under his behavior. Eddie Carbone, who "had never expected to have a destiny, suddenly finds his unconscious possessive love for his seventeen-year-old ward threatened when she falls in love with one of his wife's two cousins. Like Brick Politt in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,"* he would be outraged to face the truth of the matter, either by attempting an immoral act or even by considering the possibility that he was repressing an immoral desire. In Eddie Carbone Mr. Miller has drawn a nailchewing study of a good man compelled as a last resort—the only alternative to which would be to admit the unthinkable and by will power control it—into an act which he finds even more despicable, informing the police that his ward's fiance is a "submarine" (illegal immigrant). This prosaic tragedy, based on a true story, is heightened by the narration of Alfieri, the lawyer, who, like Arthur Miller, finds the tale reminding him of an unidentifiable classic myth.

. . . . . when the tide is right
And the green smell of the sea
Floats through my window.
I must look up at the circling pigeons
of the poor
And I see falcons there,
The hunting eagles of the olden time,
Fierce above Italian forests . . .

While the dialogue is mainly in prose, the playwright intersperses passages of verse when Alfieri narrates or in scenes of great emotion. These passages represent a welcome exten-

*Students of the progress of euphemism on the American stage will be interested to note that, where Tennessee Williams used the term "poon-taing" in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Mr. Miller has introduced "ding-a-ling" in "A Memory of Two Mondays."

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sion of Mr. Miller's technique, and bring the story of domestic trouble closer to the classic form of tragedy and opera. Yet because the language seems to suit the action we remain involved more than we usually do when someone sings an aria about passing the butter. Only at the play's end does Mr. Miller make a concession to form for form's sake, when Eddie's death seems traditional and therefore unreal.

Van Heflin in the role of Eddie sacrifices violence for believability, and his performance is a telling portrayal of a sick and troubled mind. Jack Warden catches all our sympathy as one of the Italian "submarines," and Richard Davalos plays his handsome brother with engaging naivete. Martin Ritt's staging of Mr. Davalos singing "Paper Doll" as a foreigner copying the surface mannerisms of American crooners is not only highly amusing but a penetrating comment on the kind of impact our culture makes on Europe. J. Carrol Naish looks the second-generation lawyer, though he doesn't always achieve the rapport with the audience one expects from a *raisonneur*. Gloria Marlowe as the seventeen-year-old girl overcomes to some extent a fundamental miscasting handicap, and Eileen Heckart burns deep as Mrs. Carbone. Boris Aaronson's poetic setting shows us at a glance the distance between the dignified splendor of pre-industrial Europe and the depressing dinginess of present-day waterfront Brooklyn, which has lost the beauty, but retained the bad seed, of more openly barbaric times.

This, of course, is one of Mr. Miller's themes. He is concerned with how our society fits into the mosaic of world civilizations. But being a playwright who believes that a real presentation of the facts of a story will usually turn out to contain not one but several themes Mr. Miller might also be said to have an interest in such questions as the relation of written law to natural law ("The law is only a word for what has a right to happen. When the law is wrong it is because it is unnatural"); the precedence material conditions must take over romantic illusions, as shown by Rodolpho the Italian boy who refuses to marry the American girl he loves unless he can also stay in America, not for its luxury, but because of the opportunity to work ("that's the only wonder here—work!"); the supreme importance of a man's self-respect, even when he must lie to himself to preserve it; and of course the fundamental unnaturalness of informing on one's fellow man. Yet these themes are peripheral. "A View from the Bridge" must rise or fall on its dramatic effectiveness as a character study of Eddie Carbone. As such it is gripping, unflinchingly real as well as poetic, and constitutes a vital addition to a gallery of distinguished American stage portraits.

SPACE does not permit an appropriate rhapsody to the art of Marcel Marceau, whose Bip is the Number One VIP of the theatre season. Since the summer of 1953, when his work was first acclaimed in this column, the thirty-three-year-old mime can even be said to have improved. He is exactly what he has described himself: "a comic hero always on the brink of tragedy." In the simple act of walking upstairs he can with a quick glance at the flights ahead of him make us feel terror, but just at the point where we might begin to analyze this emotion he orchestrates us back to comedy.

The expectation in going to see a bygone star is always that the performance will be feeble, but the nostalgia great enough to compensate for it. In the case of Maurice Chevalier, however, the performance never takes the nostalgia for granted, and such numbers as his mimicking the way different languages sound, his burlesquing of Spanish dance and bee-bop, and a lampoon of the Southwest titled "Las Vegas" would be acclaimed if performed with the same skill by a nonentity. And his penetrating study of what makes a man a "gentleman" is delightfully true nonsense. Yet one wishes that M. Chevalier would not appear in the strenuous form of the One-Man Show. For here the pleasure is threatened by the mounting worry that the aged comedian will have a heart attack.

"The Young and the Beautiful," adapted by Sally Benson from the F. Scott Fitzgerald story, begins in the style of a comic sketch of adolescence in a Midwestern First World War environment. Josephine is presented as an over-romantic madcap teenager, and as performed by Lois Smith her entire personality seems to be an absurd and overwhelming desire to impress others. During the course of the evening Josephine tangles up the emotions of some equally juvenile young men, but when the pattern is repeated again and again we begin to wonder where these vignettes are leading. Suddenly in the final act we realize that the playwright wants to show us the heartbreak of a girl who must go on having lovers because she has a fundamental incapacity for real love. But both the playwright and the actress have failed to find a way to engage our interest, let alone sympathy, in Josephine.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Signs and Sinisters

ANYONE contemplating a trip to Kenya will not have his morale improved by a new British film called **"Simba,"** which tackles the problem of the Mau Mau uprisings. I'm not sure how many movies about Africa have been made since "King Solomon's Mines" came along in 1950, but it seems to me I'm getting mighty familiar with that Kenya countryside. I have even taken, lately, to looking nostalgically for old landmarks and mementos of previous movie excursions. Not that "Simba" really gives one much time for puttering around the scenic backgrounds, for the story sticks strictly to business. What might otherwise have struck most of us as a highly lurid affair becomes a jolting kind of shocker when viewed in the light of the past year's dispatches from the British colony.

"Simba" makes no attempt to provide a solution for the extraordinarily difficult problems encountered recently by the British settlers and officials. We know that there have been several hundred British victims of Mau Mau terror, and that a much higher total of natives perished in the uprisings. There is obviously a good deal of authenticity in the circumstances recreated by the movie. We see the Britishers living widely separated from one another in their ranch houses, and how easily they are isolated and overrun. The security measures taken are shown in some detail. In somewhat less detail are shown the living conditions of the natives, the attempts to provide them with medical care, and the means by which many of the natives were recruited into the Mau Mau movement. Much of this has a gruesome reality, particularly those scenes that show the witch-doctors and the initiation rites.

The story is a relatively simple one, having to do with a young Britisher (Dirk Bogarde) who comes to settle in the Colony and finds, on his arrival, his brother murdered. Naturally he also finds a girl (Virginia McKenna), and the conflict between them is based upon her profound desire to understand and improve the primitive Kikiyus and his understandable bias against them. The pontification gets rather intense at times, and often while they're arguing the ethics of the matter the houses are burning. In fact, most of the white members of the sparse community are murdered one by one in the coldest kind of blood, sometimes by their most faithful native retainers. The butchery is of the kind not calculated for the queasy. The British might well be accused here of going in for the sort of violence and sensationalism they often object to in American movies, if it were not for the attempt to mingle moralities with the murders. A sobering fact is that some of the advisers on the story became Mau Mau victims themselves.

What is left out, unfortunately, is exactly what might have made "Simba" into a more important motion picture. At no time are we given any clear-cut idea of what lies behind the terrorism. This would have been admittedly difficult, since the factors are complex. But one is always aware of the bland assumption that the British belong in Kenya, that they have a God-given right to usurp the best grazing lands, and that their treatment of the natives is for their ultimate good. The racial antagonism, which is probably real enough, is shown, but the economic motivations are not. Colonel Blimp is not actively present in the movie, but his shadow hovers over it.

* * *

Why would anyone go and make a picture called **"Svengali"**? Who, these days, can find it in him to palpitate for Trilby, the Paris model? Can we any longer fear the hypnotic powers of the evil Svengali? This M-G-M release is pretty much a British job, and the only modern improvement made on this very old-hat Du Maurier story is that it's been done in Eastman color, and rather murky color at that. Trilby is played by the lovely Hildegarde Neff, and Svengali is acted by that fine British actor Donald Wolfit. Mr. Wolfit has had to fight a losing battle all the way (the twentieth century was against him), but he has nevertheless come up with an artful portrayal of the hypnotist who took a lowly model with "a voice like a duck's" and turned her into a "heavenly" singer. When he dies poor Trilby nearly dies too, but she is at last saved by the pure love of Billy the young artist. All that can be reported about the movie is that when Trilby came out of the evil shadows and into the light once more there wasn't a wet eye in the house.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Be My Guest

EVERY now and then, when the big television stars get a little insecure about their popularity in their $25,000-a-week jobs, they decide to bolster their shows by hiring guest stars. This is in lieu of asking their sponsors for a cut in salary.

The hiring of guest stars is known in the trade as "giving the show a hypo," or adding "marquee value" to the listings of television programs in the newspapers. This is intended to conjure up in the potential viewers' minds all sorts of mad hi-jinks which may go on when their star meets, say, Boris Karloff or Helen Traubel. Or quite often Jane Russell or Terry Moore.

This was rather a simple operation when television was in its mewling, puking infancy. Guest stars could be had for practically peanuts. Television translation—about $2,500 for a big-name guest. However, the medium having come into full-blown puberty, the guest stars have begun to realize why they are being asked to guest on the programs and have united in a common front to ask prices which are telephonic.

The asking price now for a good-sized name star is from $15,000 to $50,000 a guest! This is not true of all guests. Some stars, who are obviously under treatment for fear of rejection and inferiority complex, will guest for coffee and doctor money—$7,500 to $10,000 a shot. However, this type of coolie guest is seldom seen on the more spectacular programs.

Many of the $15,000 to $50,000 guests, like Joe Frisco in the old days of vaudeville who asked for $1,750 a week or he wouldn't work and didn't, are asking but not working. But quite a few are asking and getting. And I'd like to mention a few so that when they drop in to your living rooms this winter you'll be good enough to roll out the red wall-to-wall carpet.

For instance, Frank Sinatra. When you're host to him he's getting from $25,000 to $50,000 an evening.

Mary Martin, the word around is, got $50,000 for her performance in "Peter Pan," but may be had from $25,000 to $50,000 on some other shows depending on the type of show it is and its importance.

Ethel Merman is also in the $25,000 to $50,000 class.

Betty Hutton gets about $30,000 for a guest shot.

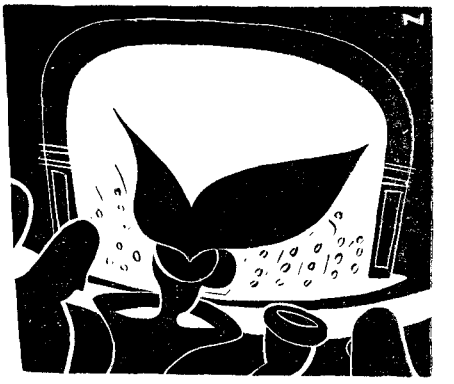
Esther Williams recently appeared on Milton Berle's show as a favor to Mr. Berle for about half her salary. Her salary is $25,000, with or without a tank.

Ann Sothern gets about $25,000 to guest on a program.

Recently Judy Garland dropped in. She got, the word is, $100,000 and a box of Luden's for that evening. This figure is unusually high, but the show was a $300,000 spectacular and it was Miss Garland's debut in television. If she didn't do well she wanted to be able to read the bad notices on the way to the bank.

These guests are only bought by the big spectacular shows. The $7,500 guests are more commonly hired by the ordinary little $85,000 shows. Some of them make a price concession in return for a plug of a picture they just made independently out of which they will profit $300,000-$400,000 on a little capital-gains deal.

THERE is no bitterness in my quoting these figures. When you consider the circulation these shows get



in one evening—40-50,000,000 people—you can see how cheap it is for a sponsor to get his message across to a mass audience. The price of a guest is dependent on the circulation of a show, and the sponsor hopes the guest will be able to get him the circulation he is looking for.

Overtures have been made to some stars to guest on big programs but they have declined. Garbo, for instance, would have garnered the greatest circulation yet. But she said no. And one of the networks asked Marilyn Monroe to be a guest star on one of its big shows and offered her a spectacular figure. A hollow gesture if ever I heard one. But Miss Monroe will not be coming into our living rooms this winter. Which, as far as I'm concerned, is money well saved. My circulation isn't what it used to be.

—GOODMAN ACE.

October Fly

By Marion Edey

CAN HE remember when the days were brighter
And food was plentiful
And wives were plentiful
And hearts were lighter?
When even on the hot white sand
A creaming wave from off the summer sea
Could leave along the land
Dead fish for such as he?
(Wine, terrapin and hothouse fruit such fish could be.)

I wave my hand above the coffee cup
And shoo him off his prey—
Precarious, tilting tray.
My cream, not *yours*, I say.

The days are darkening now
And cruel is the sea
And hurricane has whipped
The last leaf from the tree
Yet still he wills to Be:
Remembering dimly when the days were longer
And sun was stronger
And he was stronger;
Striving so hard to live a little longer.
Like me.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Antonio and Ashton in N. Y.—Schwarzkopf in S. F.

NOTHING quite like the Spanish ballet headed by Antonio has been seen here in so long a time as to make comparisons futile. In the group with which he made a triumphal return to New York in the Broadway Theatre early in October the erstwhile "Kid from Seville" presents a swift review of the wiles and graces of Spanish dance remembered from the appearances of Argentinita, Jose Greco, and Escudero himself; if some chose to spell it revue, it will only more closely suggest the swift sequence of pleasure, delight, and excitement this evening afforded to an audience that cheered and bravoed along with its "olés."

A lithe-lined, boneless virtuoso of *zapateodo,* bolero, and the like, he also has a remarkable buoyance in air turns and batterie, in all the elements, indeed, that make up fine dancing, whatever the school. Whether he was dancing a traditional "Mirabra," the flamenco "Martinete," or a Basque "Espatadantza" Antonio etched an unforgettable line of swift-moving, unbroken action. Where, in his early postwar appearances, all was gusto, discipline is now dominant.

Star though he is, Antonio is but the brightest body in a company that would be noteworthy without him. Rosita Segovia is a fine dancer, as are Maria Rosaria and the fascinating Carmen Rojas, while Paco Ruiz, Antonio de Ronda, and Joaquin Robles are young dancers of exceptional promise. When the total personnel of twenty-odd was whirling about in the "Basque" suite one realized there were possibilities in the Spanish idiom never offered here before.

THE range and fantasy of Frederic Ashton's choreographic art has added a charming and, one suspects, a durable ballet to the Sadler's Wells repertory in "Mme. Chrysanthème." As the title suggests, the new work recently seen at the Metropolitan Opera is a derivation from Pierre Loti, which in turn suggested to John Luther Long the stage play from which Puccini made "Madama Butterfly." But Loti-Ashton is a more piquant, delicately drawn, and—withal—non-tragic thing than any other treatment of the theme.

Here the sailor is French and his child bride is procured for a sum of silver dollars. Much is made, in the staging, of the ceremonial wedding and the seeming envy of Chrysanthème's friends for her new state of bliss. All too soon the sailor's leave is up and he shares a tearful farewell, complete with a parting gift of chrysanthemums. When he steals back for a final kiss he finds Mme. Chrysanthème carefully counting her silver dollars and presumably looking forward to the next customer.

Ashton's success is compounded of three factors: his own theatrical resource, the delightful scenery and costumes of Isabel Lambert, and the artfully constructed score of Alan Rawsthorne. In staging the work against a background of screens and panels, hanging lanterns, etc., Ashton has managed the improbable feat of blending Western balletic mannerisms into the Japanese background. He has, with a good deal of ingenuity, stayed away from evolutions on point, save when it becomes a natural extension of the situation. Even so he manages to retain an exotic flavor by pointing the toes up rather than down, and otherwise giving a new accent to basic movement.

In the absence of Elaine Fifield (closely identified with the first success of the work) Ashton put his faith in Maryon Lane and was not let down. She provided a delightful illusion, moving beautifully and miming effectively. Alexander Grant was first class as the sailor (especially in a furious hornpipe) with Ray Powell, Anne Heaton, Pauline Claydon, and Desmond Doyle evenly excellent in subordinate parts.

Considering the prominence of Rawsthorne in the English compositional scheme, it is ironic that he should be introduced to a large segment of the American public by a work of this special character. However, the deftness and craftsmanship with which the score is constructed are clearly the marks of a sizable composer. No cliché Orientalisms were indulged, the varying moods of the stage action supported by music of high ingenuity and undeviating integrity. Robert Irving did a very capable job of presenting it.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO.

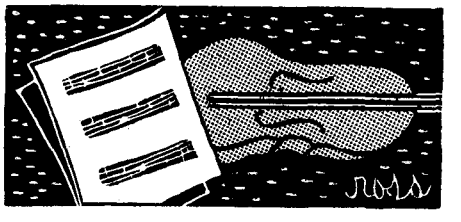
THE role of Feldmarschallin has prompted more than one soprano to an ill-considered trial of skill and, while a dearth of qualified interpreters has never inhibited the perennial stagings of "Der Rosenkavalier," it has kept the opera from being successfully realized in performance as often as its body of loyal partisans could wish.

In a departure from this unseemly pattern, a recent evening found a capacity audience in San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House saluting a memorable new Princess Werdenberg in the blonde and beautiful person of Elizabeth Schwarzkopf. She seized the occasion of her American operatic debut to illumine the opera's pivotal role with a vocal radiance and personal grace that furnished a notable highlight to the San Francisco Opera Company's thirty-third season.

An accomplished cast, led by a conductor of Erich Leinsdorf's proven abilities, lent the production enough vocal finish and mettlesome temper to realize a considerable part of the heady melodies and unlaced good humor. Frances Bible, making her own West Coast debut as the Octavian, sang warmly and well, if not invariably with sufficient presence. A new Baron Ochs was also introduced here in Otto Edelmann, who handled the role's vocal extravagances with discretion and its lumpish buffoonery with similar, if less effective, restraint. Dorothy Warenskjold's supple young voice contributed to a winning Sophie, and the dependable talents of Ralph Herbert, Margaret Roggero, and Alessio de Paolis reinforced supporting roles.

Leinsdorf dealt brilliantly with the score's divergent elements and equally established its sensuous and crystalline character. If to so many congenial factors had been added a staging that better reflected the music's bubbling vitality the production would have been superior in every respect. Still, it is the figure of the Marschallin that decides how warmly any "Rosenkavalier" performance shall be remembered, and those present at Miss Schwarzkopf's first portrayal for an American audience carried away the image of a poised and vibrant new personality, beautiful enough to make credible the young Octavian's adolescent passion, artist enough to blend dignity, humor, and tenderness into a portrait that was intuitive, vocally immaculate, and appropriately flavored with bittersweet.

—MILDRED NORTON.



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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 21

of Laurence Brander and John Atkins, who have both published biographies this season, it looks as though those of us who neglected Orwell's books were as wrong as those who sought shelter under Chamberlain's umbrella. However offensive his books were—and still are—to those who bask comfortably in a world that is not, even the least of them were worth reading. As Mr. Brander says, Orwell was always "fighting some battle or other," but they were nearly always battles that should have been and still should be fought. He was a preacher whose sermons were political pamphlets and novels, a preacher who suffered poverty, disease, and war personally in order to interpret them to those who had not. He was, as Mr. Atkins says (or quotes), an intellectual "with the feelings of a common man . . . a most selfless man . . . a Lollard of social democracy . . . the conscience of the Left." His good prose, that was "like a window-pane," demonstrates his perpetual contention that political writing must become an art in an age that cannot evade politics. There is no more vivid study of what poverty means and feels like than "Down and Out," no better book about the Spanish Civil War than "Homage to Catalonia," no more horrifying and hygienic book about what man could become than "Nineteen Eighty-Four," no better fable of how power corrupts than "Animal Farm." Even the other inferior books deserve to be read for their many good passages.

BOTH Mr. Brander and Mr. Atkins have written good books about Orwell. Mr. Atkins, who has read and digested even the most trivial of Orwell's newspaper and magazine articles, is the more comprehensive. He is particularly good in his analysis of "Animal Farm" (where he sets side by side his analysis of the book and quotations from David Dallin and Louis Fischer about the Russia Orwell satirized), in his discussion of Orwell's intelligent combination of integrity and socialism, and in his probably valid chapter about the psychological ailments that impelled Orwell to write as well as he did. Nevertheless, if I were compelled to choose which of these two studies should be read I would select Mr. Brander's. Sometimes Mr. Atkins is overcome by erudition; less encumbered, Mr. Brander's goes straight to the mark.

Individual chapters stand out—particularly what Mr. Brander says about Orwell's strong feeling that good prose and good thinking cannot be separated and about "Homage to Catalonia." But the overall effect is what is most impressive. He makes clear, as Mr. Atkins does not, the conflict in Orwell between the view that any life "when viewed from the inside is simply a series of defeats," and the feeling that "this world . . . when all is said and done, suits me so well." He makes clear how this conflict produced the tension that enabled Orwell to write books that continue to be relevant. He makes clear how the predominance of intellect over feeling made Orwell's novels, for all their sometime eloquence, absorbing failures.

As I've said, I dislike making a choice between these two good studies. In essentials both agree (though they are dissimilar enough to make interesting separate reading). Orwell was a Socialist who believed in democratic control and hated totalitarianism, whatever its name. His bias was for decency, justice, freedom, and lucidity. He believed in and distrusted modern man just as he believed in and distrusted himself and England. He was at his best when he exposed imperfection and (one prays) when he was therapeutically alarmist about 1984. Orwell is as unavoidably important as our possible future. Mr. Brander's and Mr. Atkins's books intelligently clarify and call attention to the work of George Orwell that should and must be read more widely.

Fiction's Doppelgänger

"The Fabulous Originals," by Irving Wallace *(Alfred A. Knopf. 317 pp. $3.95), is a collection of biographies of extraordinary people who inspired memorable characters in fiction. It is reviewed here by Earle Walbridge, editor of "The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America" and author of "Literary Characters Drawn from Life."*

By Earle Walbridge

MOST readers of novels have noticed, and probably disregarded, the perfunctory disclaimer on a front page that "all the characters in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental." The variations on this theme would make a sizable volume; some writers have even put it into verse. Irving Wallace prefixes the statement to the eighth and last chapter of "The Fabulous Originals," his enjoyable and informative collection of "Lives of Extraordinary People Who Inspired Memorable Characters in Fiction" (subtitle), and facetiously attributes it to "An Old Saying."

How old is the saying? Its first appearance in American fiction would seem to be in Mrs. Stowe's "My Wife and I" (1871), as Forrest Wilson pointed out in his 1941 "Crusader in Crinoline: The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe." Emerson once wrote: "The originals are not original. There is imitation, model, and suggestion, to the very archangels, if we know their history." Most historians of fiction, and specifically of the *roman à clef* or novel with a key, do not, however, find it necessary to go all the way back to Holy Writ. They content themselves with the court of Louis XIV and the chivalric romances of La Calprenède, Mme. de la Fayette, and Madeleine de Scudéry, in whose "Clélie" (1654-1660) Lyriane represents Mme. de Maintenon, the strait-laced wife of Louis, and Clarisse, her opposite number, the gay and long-lived Ninon de Lenclos. Then there is the "Argenis" (1621), written in Latin, of John Barclay, in which Hyanisbe represents Queen Elizabeth I; Radirobanes, Philip II; and Poliarchus, Henry IV. Nearly a century later Daniel Defoe was investigating the history of Alexander Selkirk, the British sailor who spent "two hundred solitary weeks" on Más a Tierra, one of the Juan Fernández group. So came about the first novel to be serialized, Defoe's "The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner" (1719), the subject of Mr. Wallace's Chapter VII.

Defoe never mentioned meeting Selkirk or referred to him by name. Though Eve Blantyre Simpson, in her "The Robert Louis Stevenson Originals," stated that Deacon Brodie, the Edinburgh house-breaker, was the original of Dr. Jekyll (and Mr. Hyde) Stevenson was equally reticent —although he collaborated with W. E. Henley on a play about him. This makes a fine murky chapter. "The Real Juliana Bordereau" valiantly tackles the complications of the Byron-Shelley-Mary Godwin-Claire Claremont setup, which resulted in

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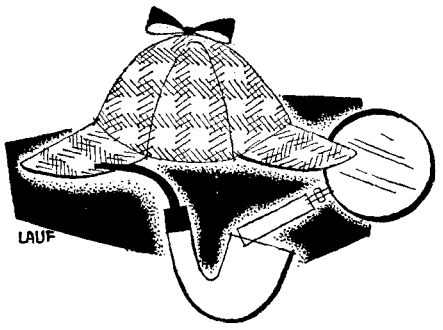

Claire's becoming the mother of Byron's daughter Allegra, and an entry in Henry James's notebook—hence "The Aspern Papers." "The Real Marie Roget" (*sic:* the circumflex in Rogêt is omitted throughout) comes up with the novel suggestion that perhaps Poe himself murdered his model, Mary Rogers. "The Real Arabella Dudley" should send readers back to Balzac's "Lily of the Valley." Its nymphomaniac original, Lady Ellenborough, is companioned here by Rose Alphonsine Plessis, about whom Alexandre Dumas, Jr. wrote "The Lady of the Camellias," and Delphine Delamare, the provincial courtesan and doctor's wife whose history Louis Bouilhet recounted to Flaubert, resulting in his novel "Madame Bovary" (1857).

The Baker Street Irregulars may regret that Mr. Wallace spells Moriarty "Moriarity," and refers to Mrs. Hudson's suite at 221B Baker Street as "a cramped room at 221-B [*sic*] Baker Street" ("The Real Sherlock Holmes," p. 24). They will have nothing but admiration, however, for the sturdiness with which he repels the assaults of the ubiquitous Doyle heir, who in the face of repeated declarations by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself that Dr. Joseph Bell, consulting surgeon to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, was the original of Sherlock Holmes, asserts that he was nothing of the kind. (As our author writes, in assonantal style, the heir has also "jousted with Mrs. Cecil Stisted," the surviving daughter of Dr. Bell.)

In thoroughness of research and freshness of approach "The Fabulous Originals" is an indispensable contribution to the study of human prototypes in fiction. In the nature of the case, it is regrettable that no illustrations are included, except six vignettes —including a skull-faced Holmes—on the jacket. Single chapters on the subject have appeared in W. Beresford Chancellor's "Literary Diversions," Vincent Starrett's "Books Alive," and a few other books. And for those who care to try conclusions with it there is the formidable three-volume work "Die Schlüsselliteratur," by Dr. Georg Schneider (1953).

U. S. A.

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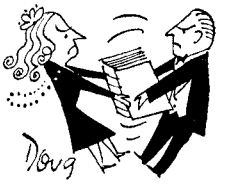
sons which at the time seemed to him good and sufficient. These reasons were fully developed by Dr. Oppenheimer during his cross-examination. The desire to protect a friend whom he considered innocent of wrong-doing was, apparently, the guiding motivation. But while this may explain his behavior, it could not change the record of what had occurred. And the majority of the board, bound by the terms of Executive Order 10450, reached its decision based on the record as a whole.

WHATEVER the justification for the decision reached, Mr. Curtis's book serves to highlight one fundamental question: Will the security interests of the United States in fact best be protected by asking conscientious, prudent, and troubled men to express a categoric opinion that an individual's clearance is "clearly consistent with the security interests of the United States"? No one, least of all Mr. Curtis, would seriously question that in the existing world situation our Government has the obligation to take the most far-reaching precautions in the interest of national security. Yet carried to extremes these precautions may not only become self-defeating but may harbor a serious threat to some of the basic concepts of a free society.

In the case of Dr. Oppenheimer it would appear that the precautions taken have been carried to just such extremes. In the course of the inquiry many witnesses stated without hesitation that in all circumstances the Government should be given the benefit of the doubt. But in the light of Mr. Curtis's analysis one cannot help wondering whether in this case the Government has actually been given the benefit of the doubt. By the decision reached it has been deprived of the outstanding service of Dr. Oppenheimer at a time when, in the words of Mr. McCloy, "we are only secure if we have the best brains and the best reach of mind in this field" of atomic physics. And the morale of the scientific fraternity has been seriously disturbed, as Mr. McCloy clearly foresaw in his testimony when he said: "If the impression is prevalent that scientists as a whole have to work under such great restrictions and perhaps great suspicion, in the United States, we may lose the next step in this field, which I think would be very dangerous for us."

Thus, it is apparent that the findings of the board have had damaging effects, only the degree of which may reasonably be in dispute. It seems fair to ask whether on any estimate the damage done can conceivably have been balanced by the withdrawal of clearance from a richly gifted individual found to be both loyal and discreet, and who, according to the testimony, probably carries in his own head more highly classified information than any other living American.

All this raises the question whether it is not urgently necessary to reexamine and revise security regulations which as presently drawn are capable of leading to such an unfortunate result. Mr. Curtis's answer to this question is a ringing affirmative with which few readers of his book are likely to disagree.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWIN TITLES

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents an entertainment (suggested by Adrian Hatley) consisting of ten pairs of authors who published literary works with identical titles. Can you name the title in each case? Five correct answers is fair, six is warmer, and seven or more is very warm. Answers on page 34.

1. Edith Wharton, Marcia Davenport
2. Mordaunt Shairp, Louis Bromfield
3. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, James Joyce
4. Sir Hall Caine, Philip Massinger
5. George Lamming, Johan Bojer
6. Charles Morgan, William Cullen Bryant
7. Ladislas Reymont, Anton Chekhov
8. John Milton, Clifford Odets
9. Arnold Bennett, George Peele
10. Lillian Hellman, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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Fiction

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a Kikuyu nurse and an English corporal, he explores interracial relations on an individual and cultural level. The hero wants to marry the Negro nurse; she is attractive, more intelligent, and better educated—although every obstacle was placed in the way of her receiving an education—than the hero. It is through the girl that the hero, who is almost unbelievably naive, is introduced to the full import of Jim Crow. The hero's solution—to marry his girl and have children—in an individual campaign against racism—is repudiated by the girl, who, during her lover's absence to another section of Africa, marries a black and writes the hero an eloquent letter explaining that she is lacking in courage.

"Look Not Upon Me" provides us with a fairly complete indictment of British colonial policy in Africa, and with a convincing interpretation of why the Mau-Mau got started during the Second World War. Mr. Jones does not approve of Mau-Mau terrorism, but recognizes that the Kikuyu have legitimate grievances that must make one, if not sympathetic to, at least understanding of, their explosive politics. His book is not a propaganda story in the usual manner: the figures are not dummies holding up placards with the author's opinions; on the contrary, the characterization is psychologically sound, and while the background is significant and compelling, the romance is not altogether subservient to it, but is quite moving. Mr. Jones's thinking is not profound, nor is his style particularly distinguished, but "Look Not Upon Me" is nevertheless a pleasant as well as serious work.

—Dachine Rainer.

SWAGMAN'S DAUGHTER: Australia is home to certain species that have survived from prehistory and, judging from the fiction that comes our way from Down Under, the swagman comes closest of humankind to being one of them. An undomesticated nomad with astonishing stamina, a touchy code of honor, an appetite for combat and the aboriginal's kinship with nature, he has in him something of the original stuff of which the earth was made. Such a man of the roads is Macauley, hero of D'Arcy Niland's **"The Shiralee"** (Sloane, $3.50). His shiralee—itinerant's pack—is Buster, his four-year-old daughter. He had taken her along in blind rage, to hurt his adulterous wife. The child, gallant as she was, proved a burden, slowing her father's pace, hindering his access to jobs, spoiling his pleasure in roistering pals and willing wenches. But Buster loved him fiercely and possessively, refusing to be parted from him even for a comfortable sojourn among friends. Resentfully at first, then anxiously, Macauley nursed her through the flu. His love for her grew as he fought his wife's vicious attempts to get the child away from him. When a hit-run motorist all but snuffed out the little one's life the father sweated out agony in a soul that had found a new spiritual dimension. There are raw violence and stark beauty in the frontier-like landscape that Mr. Niland limns so tautly and evocatively. The more exquisite, by contrast, is the tense little drama played out in two proud, lonely hearts.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

TAIL TALES: The editor of a science-fiction magazine once explained to me that the entire literature of fancy is based on the question "What if?" The author must ask, and then logically and inventively proceed to answer, such questions as "What if there were such a thing as reincarnation?" "What if the age of ice should come again?" "What if wishes did come true?" "What if people had tails?" This last what-if was once enchantingly propounded by Stephen Vincent Benét in "The King of the Cats," the story of a musical prodigy who drew magnificent new sounds from a symphony orchestra by conducting with his tail. Benét's tailed man turned out to have fur beneath his dress-shirt, but the what-if had enriched our literature with a delightful new character.

The same what-if has now been made the subject of **"The Age of the Tail"** (Little, Brown, $3), a sort of science non-fiction book by H. Allen Smith, and I think it might be said that H. Allen Smith has explored the subject of tails to the very end. He has discussed, as an impish social historian, how ladies would coif their tails, how workmen would shield their tails from injury, what the etiquette would be for tail-conduct at weddings, dances, and business meetings. Since this is H. Allen Smith, you may be certain that there are many winks and sly digs in the ribs and excursions into the unbearably funny subject of household plumbing.

It's possible that this might have been the subject of a bright little article, but there's hardly enough for chapter after chapter of exhaustive speculation. The net result is caudal anesthesia.

—Lee Rogow.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
POISON IN PARADISE *Anne Hocking* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Blackmailing landlady of London pub takes final drink; Yard ace queries patrons.	Pleasant, straightforward, with good detection, sound cast, nice pace.	Very easy to take.
SCALES OF JUSTICE *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown: $3)	Retired British colonel clouted; highbrow Yardman Alleyn follows fish-littered trail.	Plenty of kitties too; Nurse Kettle a real creation; usual deft handling.	Among her best.
FLIGHT INTO TERROR *Lionel White* (Dutton: $2.75)	Innocent bystander, tagged in Miami killing, lams to NY with other people's dough.	Slightly incredible yarn has moments of action, but personnel don't make the grade.	No Pulitzer prize.
NIGHT DROP *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Cole and Speare, NY pvt. eye team, on warpath for blackmailer, see nude male topple from skyscraper.	Elaborate formula job has some lively moments; personnel not wholly credible.	So-so.
A QUESTION OF MURDER *Anthony Gilbert* (Random: $2.75)	Arthur Crook, gentleman sleuth, comes to aid of English village miss as tongues wag following recluse's demise.	Local color, characterization, nice; kiddie and kitten have important share as melodrama unfolds.	Leisurely, pleasant.
MURDER IN FIJI *John W. Vandercook* (Macmillan: $2.75)	British Agent Lynch and Yale Prof. Deane team again, this time to solve mid-Pacific killings.	Dead flies provide clue in case rich in background; reissue of 1936 opus.	Welcome back.
BENEFIT OF CLERGY IN AMERICA *George W. Dalzell* (Blair, Winston-Salem, N.C.: $4.50)	"Literacy test" in felony cases, ancient right *not* concerned with marriage, was last used in Boston Massacre of 1770.	Penetrating, comprehensive, authoritative, witty; admirable for legalists and general crime reader.	Excellent study.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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Charles Rufus Morey

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University, these gentlemen will stay flunked." Never in the years that followed did compromise attempt to rear its ugly head in McCormick Hall.

Morey was a relentless fighter and a persistent money-raiser for the things in which he believed. Chief among the latter were the ideas and theories which he and his associates developed. Building followed building, but primarily, while he left the questions of painting in the hands of his competent colleague Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., he built about him a congeries of disciples who have devoted their lives to pursuing trails of investigation which he had already blazed. If he has been accused of having created too many students in his own image, the American professorate and museums have been the gainer from the deficiencies of his greatness; for it is largely because of him that the tone set by the College Art Association, of which he was a founder, has been able to gain acceptance of the Fine Arts as a separate and full-grown discipline. And it is the very authority which he created for this discipline which persuaded the Institute for Advanced Study to bring to Princeton a group of distinguished humanists from abroad to complement the regular members of the university faculty.

In the half-century that marked Rufus Morey's active career—he was born in 1877—the progress of medieval studies in the United States had developed a curious and somewhat unexpected pattern. In the major universities the emphasis had been on political and economic history. Others had given, particularly at Columbia and Harvard, a stimulus to the Romance languages in which attention was almost equally divided between Dante, Chaucer, and the *chansons de gestes*. Medieval art, if it was included in the curriculum at all, was the property of the schools of architecture, where the barrel vault of the Romanesque builders was studied in its relation to the architecture of Greece and Rome, together with the new problems of the soaring vaults and flying buttresses of the Gothic style. Invention of construction appeared more important in the early years of the twentieth century than esthetic considerations. It was then that American philanthropy sought to clothe the new academic standards with the respectability of colleges wrought in pseudo-Gothic imitation of Oxford and Cambridge.

Against this bogus architecture Morey and his opposite number on the

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faculty at Harvard, A. Kingsley Porter, violently rebelled. Since Ralph Adams Cram, whom Morey cavalierly dismissed as a journalist and promoter, was the official architect of the trustees of Princeton University, Anglo-Catholicism all but triumphed in the citadel of John Knox. This phase of Romanticism was abetted by the Great Crusade of 1917-1918, when 10,000,000 Americans were exposed for the first time to the beauties of the cathedrals and abbeys of France and Flanders they were defending with their lives.

These two scholars saw the need and seized the opportunity of bringing this rather disparate enthusiasm for the Gothic taste into an organized and rational discipline. At Princeton a detailed study of the sources of medieval styles as revealed in the early illuminated manuscripts made possible an exposition of what Morey called "the backbone of medieval art." The field was parceled out to the various members of the faculty and their postgraduate students, and the fame and stature of the Department as a research center in the areas of early Christian, Byzantine, and Carolingian art soon became known throughout the world.

Harvard, on the other hand, was more occupied with the work of art itself than with the historical and theoretic circumstances of its background. To the tradition of Charles Eliot Norton had been added an adventurous and informed sense of connoisseurship and interest in the integrity and structure of the object. Kingsley Porter, who much earlier had produced his "Medieval Architecture," published in the Twenties "Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Routes," a nine-volume corpus of photographs of the principal monuments, most of which he had had taken for the first time. If he lacked the rigorous archeological discipline of Morey, Porter made up for it with astounding natural gifts of perception and intuition. His useful and inspiring work was cut short at the height of his career in 1933 when a high wind carried him into the sea from the moor of the castle to which he had retired

in Ireland. Popularly depicted as friendly enemies by those unable to penetrate their rivalry, it is possible only for those who had worked simultaneously with both of them to bear witness to the depth of their friendship and mutual respect for one another. It was, in fact, from the delicate and perfect balance of this equation of totally opposite temperaments that the study of medieval art achieved the proportions that it has in the universities and museums of this country. The Cloisters at the Metropolitan Museum and the illuminated manuscripts of the Pierpont Morgan Library are but two examples of how the public has profited from the energy and light generated by these two men.

WHILE Rufus Morey's activities were concentrated on the banks of the Raritan, his heart since early manhood had always remained embedded in the Tiber. And part of his nostalgia for Rome lay in his insatiable curiosity regarding the fate of art in the later periods of antiquity. He was obsessed with tearing aside the curtain which separated the late Alexandrian painting of Pompeii from the highly developed Byzantine style of Ravenna and Constantinople. Since he was thoroughly familiar with the sequence of early Christian churches in Rome he knew what to expect. But where should he seek for corroboration amid the ruins of the Mediterranean basin? He resolved to try his luck in Antioch, one of the three great capitals of the Roman Empire, which in antiquity had been as prosperous as Alexandria but which in the course of centuries had fallen from a population of some 2,000,000 to become an Arab village of 30,000 souls. Since the city and its fashionable suburb Daphne had never been rebuilt following the devastating earthquake of 526 A.D., they offered virgin opportunity for the pick and shovel of the archeologist. With the imagination and determination of a Schliemann or a Mariette, Morey organized the "Committee for the Excavation of Antioch and its Vicinity," composed of representatives of the French High Commission in Syria, the Louvre, Princeton, the Baltimore Museum of Art, and the Worcester Art Museum. Among other antiquities, a series of fabulous mosaic pavements was laid open in the Thirties, and it is possible today to see in Paris as well as in Maryland and Massachusetts the systematic history of painting from the beginning of the first century to the accession of the Emperor Justinian in 527. Morey had found the data which he required to rewrite the history of late antique and early medieval art, which he subsequently did, and had laid the foundations for a proper study of the mosaics which Thomas Whittemore and his colleagues of the Byzantine Institute were uncovering beneath the Turkish plaster and whitewash in the Hagia Sofia.

One could not have expected Rufus Morey to have remained passive to the fate of Italy in the dark days of liberation and reconstruction. Having served with the American Commission for the Protection and Salvage of Arts and Monuments in War Areas, he anticipated his retirement from Princeton in 1945 and accepted the Acting Directorship of the American Academy in Rome. Then, as the State Department required more and more of his knowledge and experience, he transferred his activities to the Embassy, where he continued as cultural attaché until 1952. His role was something like that of a latter-day Winckelmann, a moderator in the disputes arising from the property claims of the governments who for so long had maintained academies and cultural missions in the city. He was the president of the International Union of Archeological and Historical Institutes, and it is due almost entirely to his persistent leadership that the archeological libraries stolen by the Nazis were recovered, sorted out, and restored to their rightful owners. But more remarkable still is the fact that not only was he one of the very few Protestants ever elected to the Pontifical Academy of Archeology, he was also entrusted with the editorship of the catalogue of the Museo Sacro of the Vatican Library. The Cardinal Prefects had taken measure of the man.

Today the study of medieval art in America has become a commonplace. Everyone is doing it and, alas, doing the same thing over and over again. It will be difficult to find the bold and imaginative leadership of which Charles Rufus Morey was the symbol and epitome. The generation of students which he left behind him will cherish his memory and friendship; they will likewise find consolation in the method and knowledge which he bequeathed to them.

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The Press vs. the Courts

Continued from page 10

lic feeling. It didn't require newspaper stimulation. As the case developed, it was a classic murder story—compounded of all the elements of fictional and historic crime. Tremendous emotional impact, pathos, and suspense were inherent in the events about which the trial centered.

But these weren't enough for the Cleveland newspapers. Almost from the moment Marilyn Sheppard's body was found the press took over the roles of detective, sheriff, prosecutor, judge, and jury. One newspaper—in a front-page editorial headlined QUIT STALLING AND BRING HIM IN—demanded the arrest of Dr. Sam Sheppard in language that could only create a strong supposition of his guilt in the minds of readers. Throughout the pre-trial stages highly prejudicial material appeared in what were represented as news accounts of the developments. The orthopedic collar Dr. Sheppard wore—supposedly because of injuries inflicted by his wife's killer—was caricatured in cartoons. Simulations of the collar became part of the play equipment of Cleveland children who engaged in games of "murder."

Once the trial began all three Cleveland newspapers offered extensive daily summaries of testimony from which they repeatedly drew their own conclusions, either directly or by adroit manipulation of headlines. The press never left any doubt of the verdict it expected, not surprisingly in view of having plunged so deep into the processes of administering justice by its own rules.

The question of Dr. Sheppard's guilt or innocence still is before the courts. Those who have examined the trial record carefully are divided as to the propriety of the verdict. But almost everyone who watched the performance of the Cleveland press agrees that a fair hearing for the defendant, in that area, would be a modern miracle. Which underlines the question whether there must be some limitations on the freedom of a press in order to insure a fair trial—a historic right men have demanded and defended since before Magna Carta.

YET it is not easy to draw a line, as the two decisions in the Jelke case suggest. There have been too many cases of false arrest, too many instances when confessions have been compelled by force or induced by trickery, too many convictions of persons subsequently proved innocent, to allow minimizing the importance of full and free reporting of criminal and judicial proceedings. Only recently three young men in New York were placed in jeopardy by the confession of one of their number, subsequently proved false by the arrest of the three who did commit the crime. What part reporting by the press of details of the crime and false confession played in the eventual arrest of the real culprits in this incident can't be accurately determined. But there are many instances where no doubt exists that justice was made possible only by the full light of information on criminal and judicial proceedings.

This is why many newspapermen distrust codes proposed by judges and bar groups. For it is not to protect judges and lawyers, or their sensitivities, that any restrictions of the press should be imposed. It is to shore up the right of the accused to the "speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed," which the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution guarantees him.

How best assure that the press will go on playing the part it has played—to its everlasting credit—in helping promote justice, while eliminating abuses which inflame public opinion and create prejudgments of guilt or innocence? Newspapers themselves must establish this balance beyond question if they expect to remain altogether free.

There are not many editors who do not recognize the nature of the conflict; few but can decide where full and objective reporting leaves off and the abuses that hinder a fair trial begin. And surely such professional newspaper groups as the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Sigma Delta Chi, and others ought to take the lead in promoting the kind of code that will reconcile these conflicts.

To assure the public full information about public affairs, to prevent the suppression of individual rights which secrecy and censorship make possible, the press is free. It should remain so. If, however, even a few newspapers abuse this freedom the courts and, if need be, the legislatures, will impose restrictions. For it never was intended that freedom of the press should give newspapers license to cripple the right of every man to a fair trial.

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(Continued on page 36)

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(Continued from page 35)

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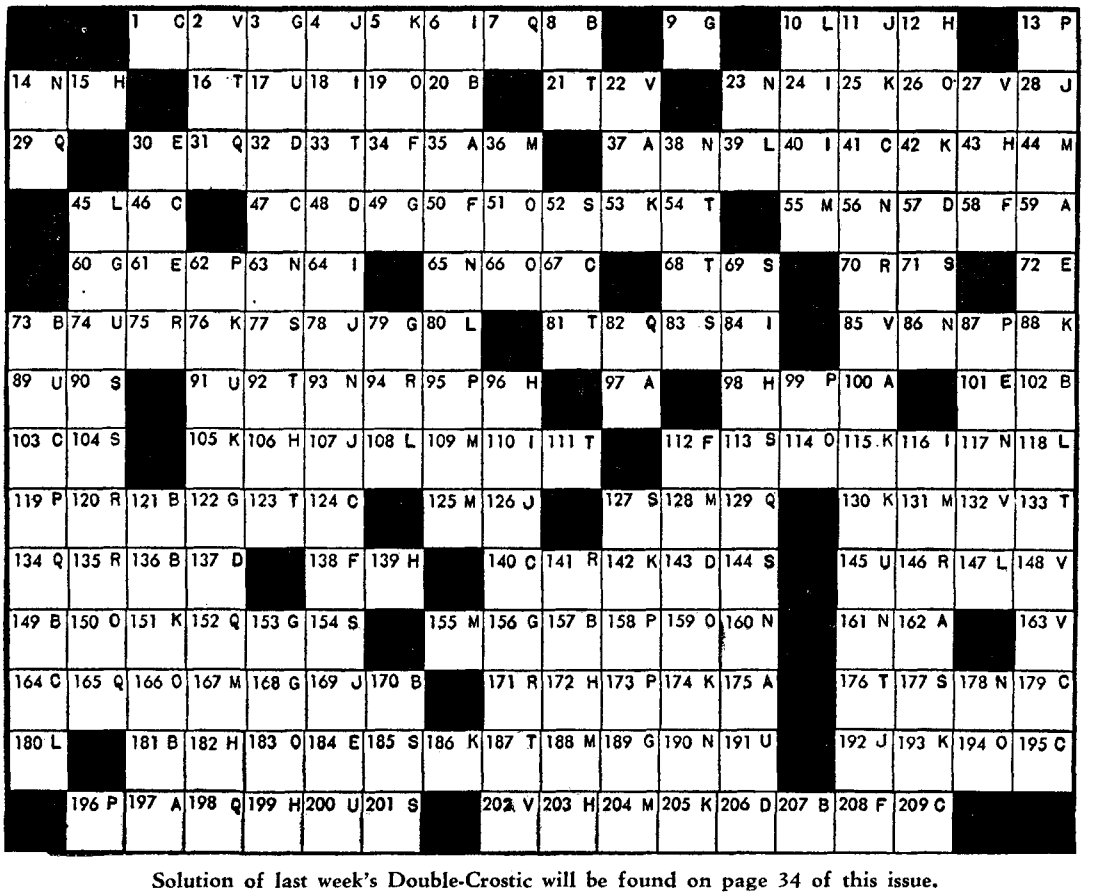
V. A chronic nervous disease.	27 148 202 2 132 163 85 22

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 34 of this issue.

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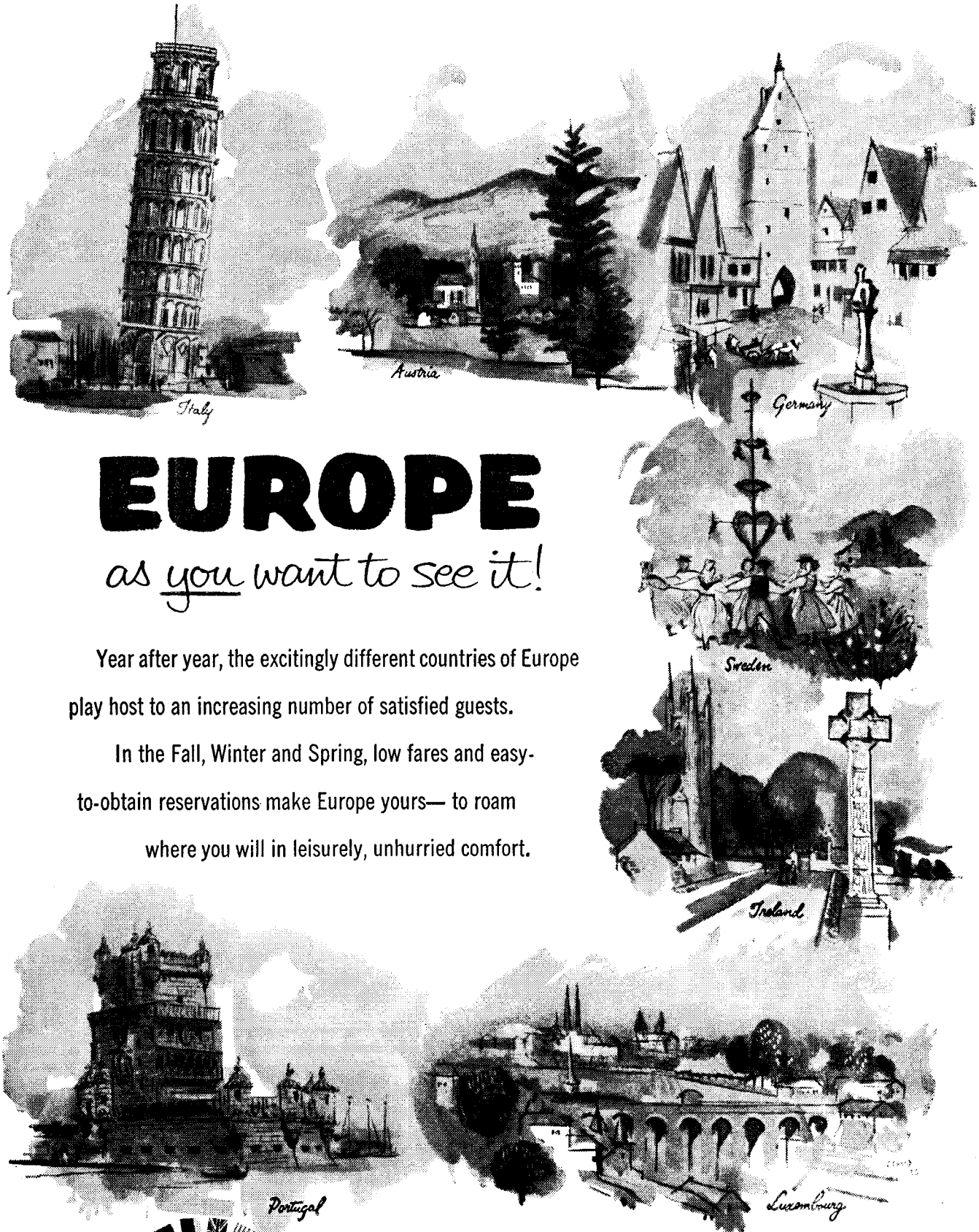

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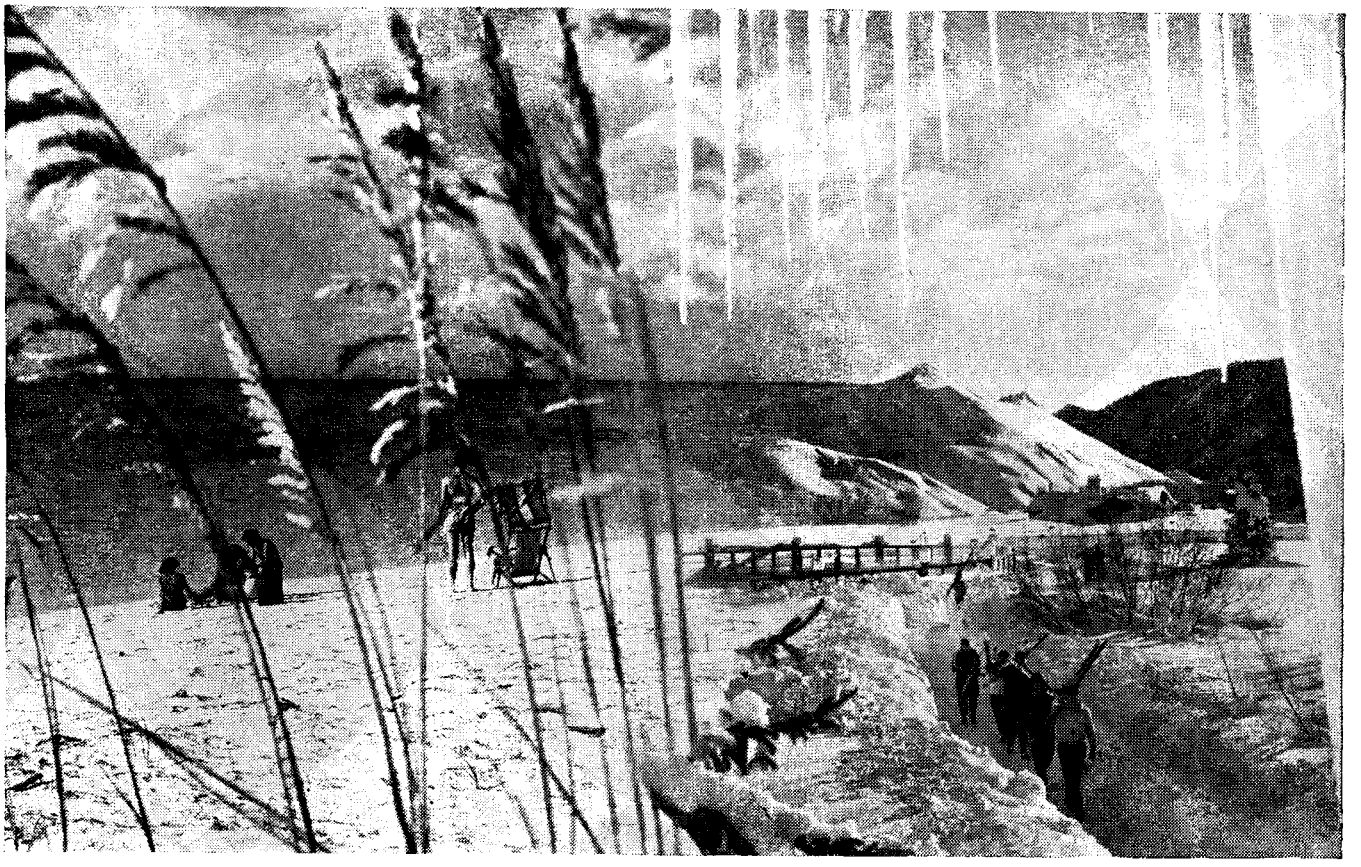
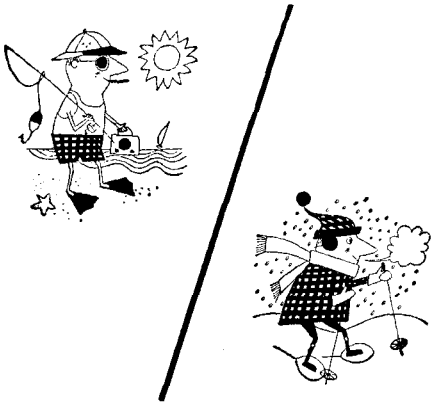


WINTER VACATIONS

HOT OR COLD?



THE schizoid gent on the cover is dividing his attention, if not his frontal lobes, between the seductive allures of the sunlands and the snowlands, personified in the fringed photographs above by Sun Valley and Nassau. The whole idea of going south for the winter was once just for the birds. People caught on later. First there were the British peers and the Russian grand dukes, driven by the catarrhal qualities of their respective winters, who met and fused into a strange amalgam on the banks of the Riviera. Then there were the Norwegians and later the Austrians who decided to face winter head on and to enjoy it by skimming down a hill on slats. It took the Swiss to make this idea chic, building great resorts at St. Moritz, Davos, Zermatt, and attracting Egyptians, South Americans, and especially the English. Now the whole notion has jumped the Atlantic to a continent equipped equally with frost and palm fronds.

This winter more Americans than ever will skim a week off their annual holiday to ski or to sun or even to tour. Working out of N.Y., N.Y., for example, anyone with $180 can pocket a National Airlines package of one week in Miami Beach—food, air, and your choice of sixty hotels. Last year American Express's one-week Florida trips jumped 100 per cent, bookings to Mexico were up 60 per cent, winter bookings to Hawaii necessitated the opening of a new office on Waikiki. Although Thomas Cook noted cautiously that there are perhaps a third the number of cruises this year as sailed in 1938-1939, cruise specialists like Simmons point out that seven-day southern sailings out of Philadelphia are pegged at $95, weekly cruises to Nassau at $125. All this and more is outlined on the pages that follow, indicating that anyone with a C-note or two, a week or two, and a schizoid tendency or two, can have a time or two once the winter winds are upon us. —H. S.

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A Doctor Eyes Winter Vacations

By COLTER RULE, M.D.

THE winter solstice comes on apace, causing some demand for the physician's point of view on cold weather vacations. If Miss Jones will bring me my file on "Climatic Changes and Disease" I'll try to bring you up to date on the matter. Ah, thank you, Miss Jones.

We'll start with disease of respiration; I'm rather a specialist in the field. The frequency of respiratory ailments takes a sharp upswing during winter months. Cold drafts, sudden drops in temperature, rapid changes in humidity set the stage for that ubiquitous invader, the common cold. The delicate membranes of the nasal passages become swollen and soggy, block the openings of the sinuses, and the latter, deprived of natural drainage, become infected. A familiar chain of events then gets under way. First, the sore, scratchy throat, then the constant drip in the back of the pharynx, next difficult breathing, and so on to headache, earache, and general malaise. The threnody might go on to tonsilitis, bronchitis, hacking cough, and strain on the heart. At this point vacation is out of the question. You have but two alternatives: either to take penicillin or some other antibiotic and risk allergic reactions or gastritis, or just go ahead and have pneumonia. So much for the respiratory picture.

Let us go on to diseases of the heart and blood vessels. For the patient with *angina pectoris* (a condition caused by the narrowing of the coronary arteries that bring blood to the heart) the worst kind of hardship is walking into the wind on a cold day. The arteries then tend to go into spasm, causing severe pain. And as for coronary thromboses, like those that decimate our young executive ranks—well, the frequency climbs as the mercury drops, and winter vacations are obviously in order. In the case of high blood pressure, the salutary effects of tension-free rest and recreation in a warm climate cannot be overemphasized. We may conclude, therefore, there's no excuse for the patient with an ailing heart to put up with a northern winter.

"But," you may protest, "how can I afford a winter vacation?" There you have me. You'll have to consult your economist about the matter. Personally, I believe that everybody should have a winter vacation with pay. It might be a good idea for you laymen to take a tip from us doctors. The last convention we had was held in Miami in December 1954. Tax deductible.

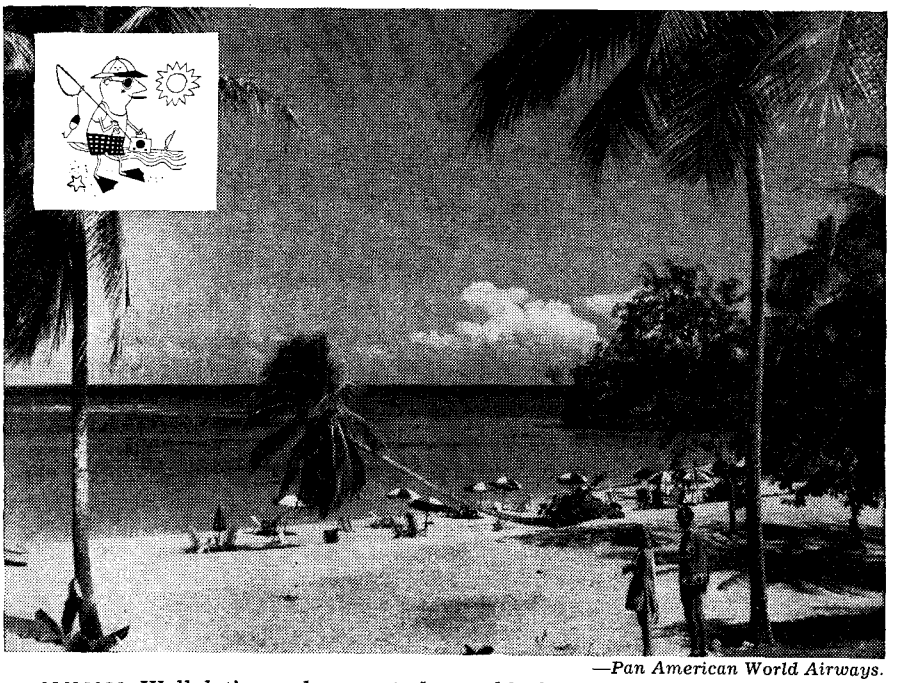
But let's get back to the substance of this medical advice. Consider arthritis, or disease of the joints. Warmth, rest, gentle massage, and gradually increasing exercise are the mainstays of therapy designed for aching joints. You simply can't get this in Manhattan in mid-winter, unless you hole up in your residence. What you need is a month's surcease in a hot, preferably arid climate.

What's next? Intestinal complaints? Ulcer? You've got to take these patients away from the gastronomic perils of the winter holiday season. The best prescription for the ulcer, duodenitis, cholocystitis (gall-bladder), pancreatitis, ileitis, jejunitis, colitis patient is a trip that starts just before Thanksgiving, covers the wassail period around Christmas, and winds up with the patient coming home, calm and happy, some time after the first week of the New Year.

And now to allergies. I'm no specialist, and I'll have to leave this to the experts in this line. However, I don't mind hazarding an opinion on the benefits of a winter vacation for those who suffer from asthma, hives, conjunctivitis, etc. Probably no group can expect more beneficial effects.

NOW about us—that is to say, you neurotics. (I feel qualified as a specialist in this field.) The neurotic builds up tensions, fears, phobias, and anxieties due to the environmental pressures of the fall and winter months. He is like the electrically charged cloud of the dry summer storm. He can let fly with emotional chain lightning any place, any time, after, say, mid-January. These tense individuals are much more easily exhausted than more rugged types, who are less selective in their choice of ailment. The neurotic needs restful sleep, the sort of appetite that results from pleasant, outdoor exercise, and the opportunity that only the winter vacation provides to restore his depleted vital forces. The new faces, new scenes of such a vacation are far more helpful than the new faces,

(*Continued on page* 57)



—*Pan American World Airways.*

JAMAICA: Well, let's get down to indisputable facts. In January, February, and March the high temperature drops to eighty-six, the daily average to seventy-seven. Your choice of the North Shore Ocho Rios area with the Tower Isle and a covey of small hotels, or Montego Bay where they run palm to palm. Beaches both places, of course, rates anywhere from $12 up to Outer Space. The ships stop at Kingston for lunch at the Myrtle Bank and the usual British tropical shopping. About 600 miles south of Miami, and not a winter's day to embarrass the weather bureau.

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Charting the Winter Cruises

A Sample of the Palm-Bound Sailings in December and January

Ship	Lv.	From	No. Days	Itinerary	Min. Rate
DECEMBER					
NIEUW AMSTERDAM	17	New York	17	San Juan, Fort de France, Barbados, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Port au Prince, Havana	$470
ALCOA CORSAIR	17	New Orleans	16	Ciudad Trujillo, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad, La Guaira, Kingston, Mobile	525
JAMAICA	17	New Orleans	12	Havana, Puerto Barrios	250
NASSAU	18	New York	8	Nassau, Havana	175
MAASDAM	21	New York	13	La Guaira, Curacao, Kingston, Port au Prince	265
STELLA POLARIS	21	New Orleans	16	Havana, Port au Prince, La Guaira, Curacao, Kingston	390
LURLINE	21 22	San Francisco Los Angeles	14 14	Honolulu, Hilo, Los Angeles	311.50
LURLINE	Every 12 days	San Francisco Los Angeles	10 10	Honolulu Honolulu	260
PRES. CLEVELAND PRES. WILSON	Every 3 weeks	San Francisco Los Angeles	42 42	Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco	1,147
CRISTOBAL	22	New York	16	Port au Prince, Cristobal (Canal Zone), Port au Prince	342
VULCANIA	22	New York	12	Port au Prince, Cristobal, Cartagena, Kingston	265
ILE DE FRANCE	22	New York	12	Barbados, Port of Spain, Puerto Cabello, Curacao	340
BRAZIL	22	New York	38	Trinidad, Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aaires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Trinidad	1,110
OSLOFJORD	22	New York	12	La Guaira, Curacao, St. Thomas, San Juan	300
MAURETANIA	22	New York	11	La Guaira, Curacao, Kingston, Nassau	280
SANTA PAULA	22	New York	12	La Guaira, Curacao, Aruba, Cartagena, Kingston	450
OCEAN MONARCH	23	New York	11	Havana, Nassau, Bermuda	275
SANTA CLARA	23	New York	16-19	Aruba, Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello, La Guaira, Guanta, Cumana, Aruba	450
HOMERIC	23	New York	11	La Guaira, Curacao, Kingston, Port au Prince	325
QUEEN OF BERMUDA	24	New York	9	Bermuda, Nassau	225
CHIRIQUI	24	New Orleans	12	Havana, Puerto Barrios	250
ALCOA CAVALIER	24	New Orleans	16	Kingston, Curacao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad, La Guaira, Mobile	525
NASSAU	26	New York	8	Nassau, Havana	195
PATRICIA	27	New York	13	St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curacao, Port au Prince	265
OLYMPIA	27	New York	7	Nassau, Havana	175
DEL NORTE	29	New Orleans	42	St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Curacao	900
PANAMA	30	New York	14	Port au Prince, Cristobal (Canal Zone), Port au Prince	342
SANTA ROSA	30	New York	12	Curacao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Cartagena	450
SANTA SOFIA	30	New York	16-19	Aruba, Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello, La Guaira, Guanta, Cumana	450
ALCOA CLIPPER	31	New Orleans	16	Ciudad Trujillo, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad, La Guaira, Kingston, Mobile	525
JAMAICA	31	New Orleans	12	Havana, Puerto Barrios	250
JANUARY					
QUEEN OF BERMUDA	3	New York	10	Havana, Nassau	250
NIEUW AMSTERDAM	4	New York	13	San Juan, Barbados, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Port au Prince	350
OCEAN MONARCH	4	New York	8	Bermuda, Nassau	200
ANCON	5	New York	15	Port au Prince, Cristobal, Port au Prince	342
HOMERIC	5	New York	15	Havana, Cristobal, Cartagena, Curacao, Kingston, Port au Prince	395
SANTA PAULA	5	New York	12	La Guaira, Curacao, Aruba, Cartagena, Kingston	450

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Ship	Lv.	From	No. Days	Itinerary	Min. Rate
MAASDAM	5	New York	15	Port au Prince, Cartagena, San Blas, Cristobal, Havana	$290
NASSAU	6	New York	7	Nassau	155
OSLOFJORD	6	New York	28	Port au Prince, Ciudad Trujillo, San Juan, St. Thomas, Fort de France, Barbados, Grenada, Port of Spain, Curacao, La Guaira, Cartagena, Cristobal, Montego Bay, Havana, Nassau	550
ILE DE FRANCE	6	New York	12	St. Kitts, Fort de France, Port of Spain, Puerto Cabello, Curacao	315
SANTA MONICA	6	New York	16-19	Aruba, Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello, La Guaira, Guanta, Cumana, Aruba	450
ALCOA CORSAIR	7	New Orleans	16	Kingston, Curacao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad, La Guaira, Mobile	525
KUNGSHOLM	8	New York	97	Funchal, Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Bangkok, Singapore, Bali, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Acapulco, Balboa, Panama Canal	2,900
PATRICIA	11	New York	16	Port au Prince, Cristobal, Curacao, La Guaira, Grenada, Fort de France, St. Thomas	325
ARGENTINA	12	New York	38	Trinidad, Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Trinidad	1,285
CRISTOBAL	12	New York	15	Port au Prince, Cristobal (Canal Zone), Port au Prince	342
NASSAU	13	New York	7	Nassau	155
SANTA ROSA	13	New York	12	La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Curacao, Cartagena	450
SANTA CLARA	13	New York	16-19	Aruba, Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello, La Guaira, Guanta, Cumana	450
QUEEN OF BERMUDA	14	New York	5	Bermuda	125
ALCOA CAVALIER	14	New Orleans	16	Ciudad Trujillo, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad, La Guaira, Kingston, Mobile	525
FLANDRE	17	Galveston	16	Port au Prince, St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curacao, Cristobal, Kingston, Havana	440
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND	18	New York	20	San Juan, St. Thomas, Fort de France, La Guaira, Curacao, Cristobal, Kingston, Port au Prince, Havana	495
PANAMA	19	New York	15	Port au Prince, Cristobal (Canal Zone), Port au Prince	342
NIEUW AMSTERDAM	19	New York	13	St. Thomas, Barbados, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Port au Prince	365
MAURETANIA	19	New York	7	Nassau, Havana	185
QUEEN OF BERMUDA	20	New York	8	Bermuda, Nassau	200
ILE DE FRANCE	20	New York	17	St. Kitts, Fort de France, Barbados, Port of Spain, Puerto Cabello, Curacao, Cristobal, Matanzas	480
CARONIA	20	New York	108	Port of Spain, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Tristan Da Cunha, Capetown, Durban, Zanzibar, Port Victoria, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Bangkok, Djakarta, Bali, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Hawaiian Islands, Long Beach, Acapulco, Balboa, Cristobal	2,975
HOMERIC	21	New York	16	San Juan, St. Thomas, Barbados, Port of Spain, La Guaira, Curacao, Port au Prince, Havana	450
ALCOA CLIPPER	21	New Orleans	16	Kingston, Curacao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad, La Guaira, Mobile	525
OCEAN MONARCH	23	New York	13	Ciudad Trujillo, La Guaira, Curacao, Port au Prince	325
STELLA POLARIS	24	New Orleans	22	Havana, Port au Prince, St. Thomas, Antigua, Martinique, St. Lucia, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Kingston	570
ANCON	26	New York	15	Port au Prince, Cristobal (Canal Zone), Port au Prince	342
NASSAU	27	New York	7	Nassau	155
SANTA ROSA	27	New York	12	Curacao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Cartagena	450
PATRICIA	28	New York	13	Kingston, Cristobal, Cartagena, Port au Prince	265
QUEEN OF BERMUDA	28	New York	5	Bermuda	125
MAURETANIA	28	New York	17	Nassau, St. Thomas, Fort de France, Port of Spain, Cartagena, Cristobal, Kingston, Port au Prince, Havana	470

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THE "Golden Empire" QUIZ

The 8-state "Golden Empire" served by Southern Pacific (see map below) is a prosperous, progressive area that keeps a railroad on its toes. It also inspires writers to write about it. The following 5 quotations are from well-known books by Willa Cather, Oliver LaFarge, Hermann Wouk, Jules Verne, and Edna Ferber. Can you pin the right author to each quotation? Answers below.

1. "... he was struck at once by the view of the city in the sunset. The hills were twinkling under a sky massed with clouds, pink in the west, fading to rose and violet in the east. The evening star showed clear, hanging low over the Golden Gate Bridge. . . . The bellboy turned on the lights. . . ."

2. "New Orleans was a mystery and a promise, particularly now when a backlash of summer into October had filled the night with restlessness. . . . He wondered if it would be possible . . . to paint every one of the shapes and effects in this block, a complete statement of New Orleans night."

3. "Leaving Sacramento, the train, having passed Junction, Rocklin, Auburn and Colfax stations, plunged into the Sierra Nevada . . . and the passengers could get through the windows a glimpse of the picturesque views of this mountainous country. . . . The locomotive . . . twined its smoke in the dark branches of the firs."

4. "Along the river the cottonwoods and quaking asps had already turned gold. Just across from us . . . stood the mesa, a pile of purple rock, all broken out with red sumach and yellow aspens up in the high crevices of the cliffs. From the cabin, night and day, you could hear the river, where it made a bend round the foot of the mesa and churned over the rocks. It was the sort of place a man would like to stay in forever."

5. "Here in this ancient American city the brush-country Texan momentarily forgot about the miles of mesquite and the endless plain. . . . Adobe huts two hundred years old crouched in the shadow of skyscrapers. Blood and bravery and beauty and terror and the glory of the human spirit were written in the history of these winding streets."

1. Hermann Wouk, "The Caine Mutiny." 2. Oliver LaFarge, "The Copper Pot." 3. Jules Verne, "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days." 4. Willa Cather, "The Professor's House." 5. Edna Ferber, "The Giant."

Southern Pacific

THE WEST'S LARGEST TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

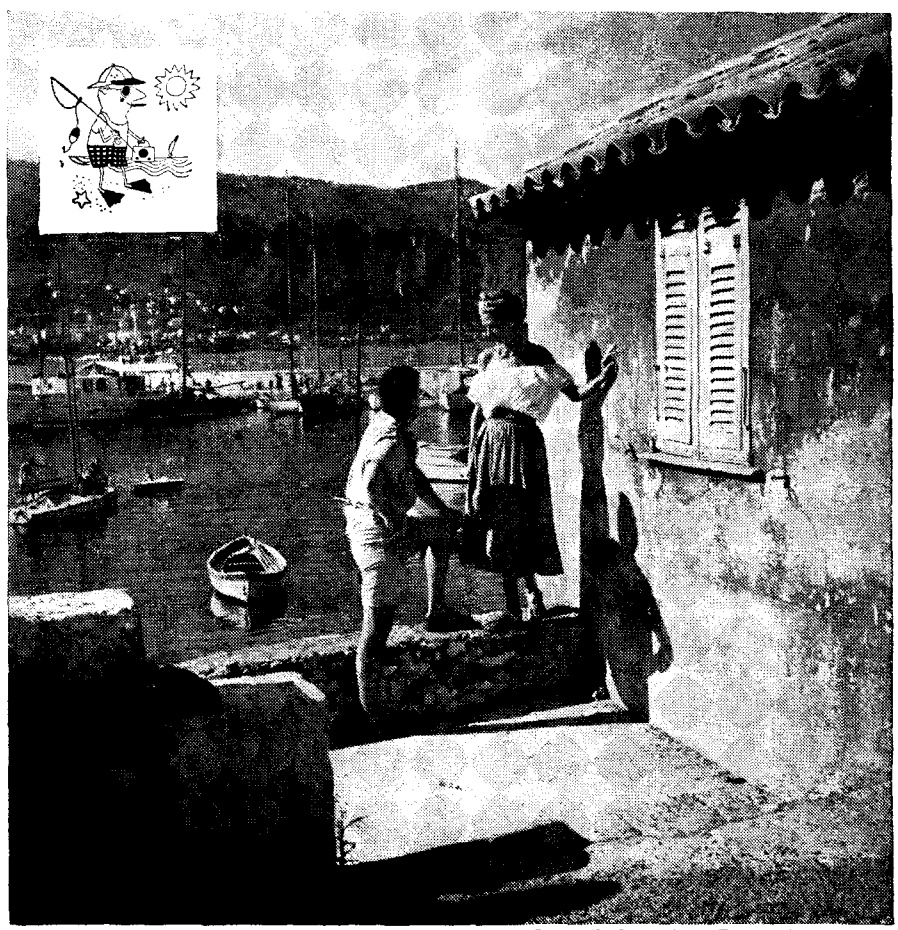
Isle of Nightingales

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

FOURTEEN hours ago in Barcelona we were running full-tilt with our bags towards the *Princess Mahon*. She sails only once a week—on Wednesday at 7 p.m.

Now it is morning, and we are hugging the northern shores of Ibiza; the coastline appears forbidding and savage. Perhaps terrible cormorants are perched hidden in the black shadows of the mountainous crags. There is no hint of "the white island of nightingales" that her inhabitants promise. Those who have slept on the open deck ($1.50) have been awake since six; those who have lain couched in the splendors of Edward VII ($7 per person, per cabin) are just being called for breakfast. The stewards say that we shall be landing in *uno momento*. It turns out to be two hours.

So, at ten, we dock. The lower part of Ibiza (the island takes its name from its capital) is known as La Marina. This is the center for finance and trading—and for a moment, in the principal square with its slate-gray buildings and commercial houses with their solid religious names invoking the saints to prosper the city, we might still be on the mainland. Yet we have only to cut down a side lane



—*Maywall photo, from Rapho-Guillumette.*

FRENCH RIVIERA: The weather is balmy as you can see, and perfumed with vapors floating from the lemon trees, the eucalyptus, and the orange trees. Mimosa makes things heady in February. On some days, but not all, you can swim. At Cagnes, pictured above, and at Eze, Villefranche, and St. Raphael February and March are the best time to find a small hotel and live *à la Méridionale* for $6 a day, room and meals. Grasse, the perfume center up in the hills, gets really the best weather, the French say, and there is the added intoxicant of all those flowers. Ships land passengers directly at Cannes or Villefranche, planes directly at Nice.

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to find that what rises impressively as the seven stories of the Grand Hotel on one side falls on the other into a heap of ramshackle hencoops. Everywhere, it seems as we climb up towards the ramparts, the farmyard penetrates the life.

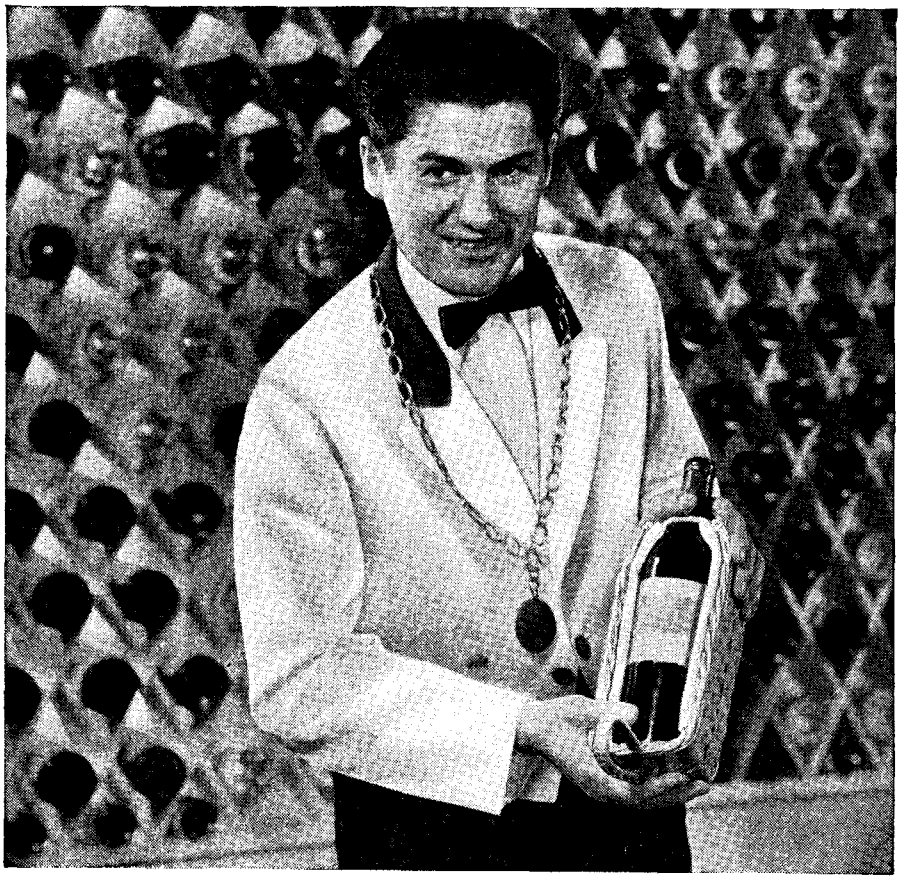
In La Peña, the higher and more residential area, cobbled streets have been cut into the rock so that great corners in the zig-zagging route can be avoided only by knowing the steep flights and tunnels that connect one *calle* with another. Here the stone is washed salt-white, the architecture Moorish in influence; low arched entries and stairs lead to cool upper rooms—a protection against excessive heat and dry dust. On the summit the cathedral and garrison fortress stand side by side, with a museum hard by filled with the relics of pottery left by Greek, Roman, and Phoenician invaders. At the back falling away to the south, valley beyond valley, diminishing in the long vistas of folded hills, can be seen the ancient barrows and burial mounds. Many the amateur archeologist who has returned home with painted ostrich eggs or Punic coins.

There is always talk of the Americans building an airstrip, but, as in Minorca and Formentera, this is a rumor which comes and goes with each season. At present the nearest that you can fly is Palma—and from there on it is a six-hour sea journey. But if it is rough—and the Mediterranean can be very choppy round these islands—the weekly sailing is canceled. Or it may be canceled for other reasons. Last July the Valencia boat was turned back after four hours by her captain; he suspected domestic trouble.

There are not many visitors and there are a great many places at which to stay because the islanders believe that one day the Balearics will be as serious a rival to the Costa Brava as the Costa Brava is to the French Riviera. As yet, however, accommodation proves no trouble. In San Antonio or Santa Eulalia, the only two resorts, the average price including taxes and service and three meals a day is less than 100 pesetas a day ($3).

San Antonio has a wonderfully wide beach, the sun setting in the middle of the bay so that there is a moment each evening when the leaves of the palms, spilling plume over plume, seem to catch a phosphoresence from the dying dazzle of the sea. Later there is flamenco and dancing in the cafes. By comparison Saint Eulàlia is much more primitive. There are no open stretches of sand, only vast humps of dried seaweed which give

(*Continued on page* 58)



This man is a Sailor

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Have Family... Will Travel

By THURMAN PRICE

THE MOVIES AND TV would lead us to believe that pioneering went out with the Prairie Schooner . . . or that buckskins and coonskin hats are *de rigueur* for a "real" pioneer.

But pioneering is still going strong . . . often as not carried on by big corporations rather than individuals . . . often as not for the benefit of the many rather than a few.

TAKE ONE of our most modern pioneers—Pan American World Airways. Way back in May 1939, this airline flew the first commercial airliner between the U. S. and Europe. In 1941, the airline began its fight, almost alone, for low-fare tourist service. A major part of this battle was won in 1952, when all the airlines agreed to begin tourist-class flights across the Atlantic.

Then, Pan Am originated the "Pay-Later" Plan for overseas air travel in May 1954. Its enormous success has shown that travelling is no longer for the well-to-do. But like a true pioneer, Pan Am was still not content.

THE GOOD, new trend of families doing and enjoying things together had not escaped Pan Am's watchful eye. A survey among 1,877 married men flying to Europe on Pan American showed that 12% had their families with them. But it indicated that, had lower fares been possible—*33% would have brought their families along!*

To encourage this, Pan Am took another pioneering step . . . the "Family Fare" Plan to Europe. *Between November 1 and March 31,* a family, large or small, can save hundreds of dollars. The father pays full fare, mother and the children between 12 and 25 will travel at savings of $240 each!

Mr. Juan Trippe, Pan Am's president, said in 1942: "The average man's holiday has, in the past, been the prisoner of two grim keepers—money and time. Enjoyment of the world has been circumscribed by the high walls of his economic jail. We can level these prison walls only by bringing travel costs way down and by shortening travel time." These words have unlocked the doors to secret places that many people have longed to visit but could never afford to before.

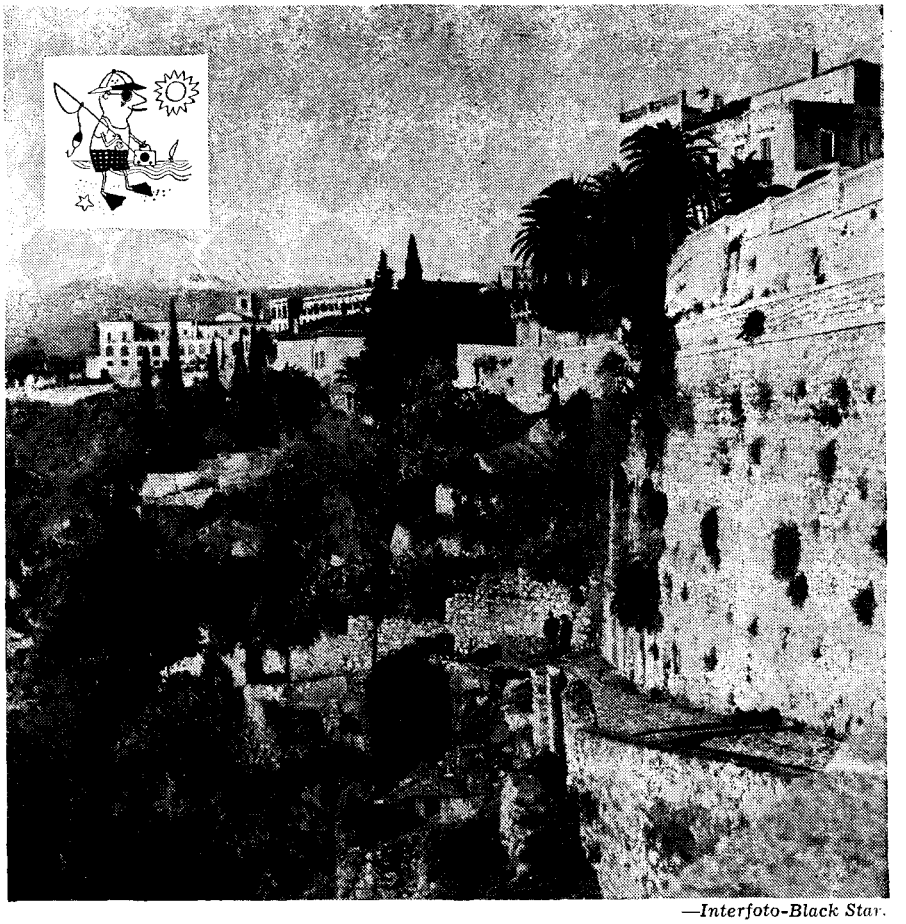
What Do You Save in Winter?

ON SAVINGS which are only available in the off-season the biggest bargains are on long trips by air. In considering a European flying trip there are four basic fares to compare: first class on-season, first class off-season, tourist class on-season, tourist class off-season. You can figure that an off-season trip in first class will save you $30 on the round trip over high-season fares. You can figure that an off-season trip in tourist class will save you $40 over the round-trip high-season fare. Here is an example on an air trip from New York to London and return:

New York-London-New York

First class, high-season:	$720
First class, off-season:	$690
Tourist class, high-season:	$522
Tourist class, off-season:	$482

In addition to these savings the airlines have, for the first time this year, introduced family-fare plans to Europe. It works like this: the head of the family pays full fare either first



—*Interfoto-Black Star.*

SICILY: It's the warmest spot in Europe in winter being two miles off the Italian coast on one side and 100 miles from Africa on the other. Olive trees are silver-green, orange blossoms perfume the place, the bright-colored carts with plumed donkeys rattle over the cobbles, and it's warm enough to cool off with a *cassata*, Sicily's fruit-flecked ice cream. The CIAT buses make a circle tour of the island in winter stopping at Agrigento to see the magnificent lemon-colored Greek temples, at Syracuse to see the Greek theatre. Pictured here is Taormina, one of the world's great resorts, stuck on a hilltop looking across to the snow-crested bulk of unpredicatable Etna.

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class or tourist, your preference. Then the wife and each child between twelve and twenty-five can accompany the father if each pays full tourist round-trip fare less $240 or full first-class round-trip fare less $330.

On the same trip to London it breaks down like this:

New York-London-New York

Family fare, first class,	
two persons:	$1,050
three persons:	$1,410
four persons:	$1,770
Family fare, tourist class,	
two persons:	$ 724
three persons:	$ 966
four persons:	$1,208

The family fare plan is operative from November 1 to March 31.

NO GENERAL table of price structures can be applied to off-season steamship travel either on the North Atlantic or the Mediterranean runs. Unfortunately, the biggest markdowns are in highest priced accommodations, a situation which doesn't serve to attract the budget-minded traveler. While fares drop as much as 20 per cent in highest priced staterooms, $5 or $10 seems to be the reductive limit on tourist-class space. Here are a few examples of thrift season savings on *minimum* fares in each class:

	FIRST	CABIN	TOURIST
Queen Mary (British ports)			
On-season	$380	235	175
Off-season	$365	225	165
America (British ports)			
On-season	$325	220	170
Off-season	$295	200	160
Constitution (Italian ports)			
On-season	$350	240	185
Off-season	$320	220	175
Ryndam (British ports)			
On-season	$250	...	170
Off-season	$225	...	160
Ile de France (French ports)			
On-season	$340	230	175
Off-season	$325	210	165

One seasonal saving nearer at hand are the packaged tours run by National Airlines and by the Eastern railroads down to Florida. This packaged plan, touched on briefly in the introduction offers a week in one of sixty hotels, prices beginning at $39 plus $24 for a week of brunch and dinner daily. Night coach air fare is $96.80, and for the first time this winter you can play now, pay later.

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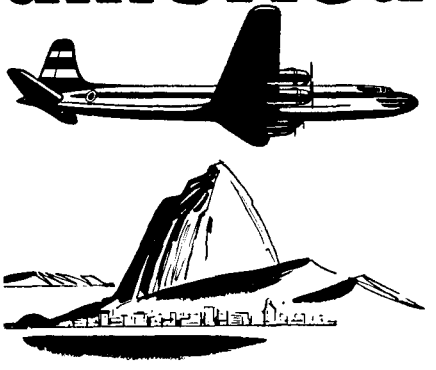

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CANARY ISLANDS: Sunny Spanish atolls 823 miles southwest of Spain, roughly west of southern Morocco. The season October to April is a semi-tropical delight, the balmy air producing bananas, pineapple, tobacco, and beautiful people, a cross between Spaniards and Indians. The women are renowned and in song are likened to the volcano Peide, since their faces are white as Peide's snow and their hearts full of Peide's fire. Well, now, the air fare is $106.20 round-trip via Iberia from Madrid. TWA or Iberia from New York to Madrid comes to $536.60 off-season in tourist class. Deluxe hotels such as the Mencey on Tenerife or the Santa Catalina on Las Palmas will come to $7 to $9 a day with food, but an establishment officially listed 1B comes as low as $8 for *two* with meals. If you've got the time, freighters of the Elder Dempsey Line make one sailing a month in eleven days direct to the islands for $250-$300, and either American Export's class liners or the ships of the Italian Line will deposit you in Gibraltar. From Gib it's a bus to Cadiz and the weekly steamer that makes the Canaries on the third day for $60 round-trip. If you're thinking about Majorca bear in mind it will be a little too chilly to swim, indeed frequently frosty enough for a topcoat.

LAURENTIANS: If you would like to ski in French, and France seems a little far, point your snowshoes for the Laurentians. You would think there would hardly be room for a downhill run what with the number of inns tucked away in the hills north of Montreal. You'll find them informal and Swissy, like Chalet Cochand; comfortable and English, like Laurentide Inn; and a wide assortment of Gallic appellations, such as Chaumont Ferrier, La Sapinière, Auberge du Coin, and on and on. Daily rates with meals vary from $5 per person per day to $20, but mostly expect to pay about $8 and $9 in good accommodations. Aside from the French *ambiance,* the snow is pretty sure—three inches by November, thirty inches by February, fifteen inches in March, and even some coating left in April. Montreal is the *placque-tournante* for the Laurentians, which begin about forty-five miles to the north. The roads are kept clear, as are the railroad tracks and the skylanes.

SCILLY ISLES: In Britain winter is the Scilly season. The best place to stay warm in the Isles are the Scilly Islands, 140 droplets of an archipelago that is lulled by the Gulf Stream to a temperature that never drops below forty-nine degrees. Daffodils are cut in late winter to brighten the flower stalls in Covent Garden. While staying reasonably warm you can poke around among Bronze Age burial mounds, visit Cromwell's castle on Tresco, and contemplate the land which was the mythical country of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table and the scene of Arthur's final battle with Sir Modred.

The Star Castle and the Atlantic Hotel on St. Mary's are open around the calendar, and will relieve you of $3 to $4 a night, breakfast included. The Star Castle, itself an eight-pointed star, dates from Elizabeth I. Daily air service from Land's End to St. Mary's in twenty minutes.

MEXICO: In the lofty capital the days edge up into the high sixties, by February into the seventies, but it's warmer when you get lower, either west to Acapulco or east to Yucatan. Among the winter warm-weather places near at hand Mexico is one of the best of buys. The best hotels of Cuernavaca, for example, are under $10 for room and three meals a day, and some of the pleasant flowery places on the edge of town are a good deal less. The square is a delight here, but the patented, made-in-Mexico local color is in Taxco, a settlement of many ups and downs, topographically, and many artists. In the best quarters of the best place, still under $10 a person with meals, but much cheaper if you are two in a double room. Over in Yucatan you can escape the winter's chill while poking among the relics of the Mayans, whose pyramids

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and playing fields are still to be viewed at Uxmal and at Chichen Itza. Merida is the headquarters for all this and the Hotel Merida will give you a roof and a room for less than $5 a night, meals extra. Out among the ruins the Mayaland Hotel is complete with swimming pool, cottages, and flowers. Still under $10 here with meals and all the ruins you can ogle.

BRITISH WEST INDIES: The limey-and-lotus lands from Antigua south to Trinidad trade on the British West Indian dollar, which is worthy sixty cents U.S. Your choice of Grenada, Barbados, Trinidad, Tobago, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and St. Kitts are most of them reachable on British West Indian Airways' thirty-day excursions ($243 round-trip out of San Juan). Antiguan hotels at $9-11 (U.S., with meals) are the highest. On lonely Bequia in the Grenadines, with not much else to do but watch the horizon, the Sunny Carribee charges $3.30 a day (U.S., with meals). Barbados, which is soft, green, and rolly, will nick you as much as $18 a day at the Colony Club and the Miramir and as little as $4.20 in old summer boarding-house retreats, complete with white antimacassars. The two choice spots on tropical Tobago, a twenty-minute flight from Trinidad, get $8 a day. They are Arno's Vale and Blue Haven. An American photographer has bought Sugar Mill Inn on St. Vincent, and all you pay here is $4.50 daily, meals tossed in.

SUN VALLEY: This ski encampment, which also adorns our frontispiece, is well known as a retreat of those Hollywood types who enjoy the snow. But skiers on a budget will do well to look in here for Learn-to-Ski weeks, a bargain arrangement also operated by a number of other frosty corners regardless how chic. For instance, life in a Sun Valley chalet without meals will cost you only $60 a week for seven days and six nights. This tariff, as do all Learn-to-Ski Week prices, includes unlimited use of the ski lifts and the swimming pools which, as must have come to your attention, are heated on the inside while all the world is snowy on the outside. This same arrangement, that is, life in the chalets, with meals comes to $92 for the week. The weeks run virtually through the winter: Jan. 1-7, 8-14, 15-21, 22-28, 29-Feb. 4, 5-11, 26-Mar. 3, 4-10, 11-17, and on and on until the thaw.

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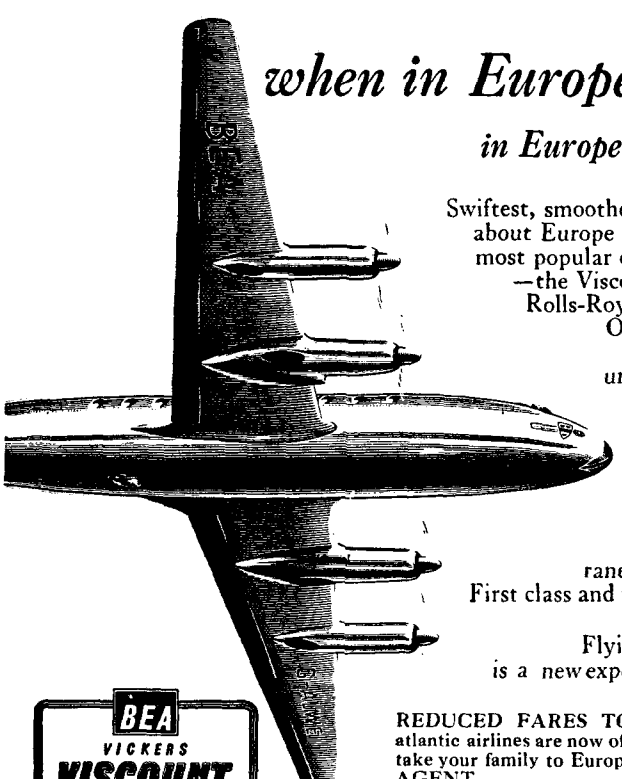

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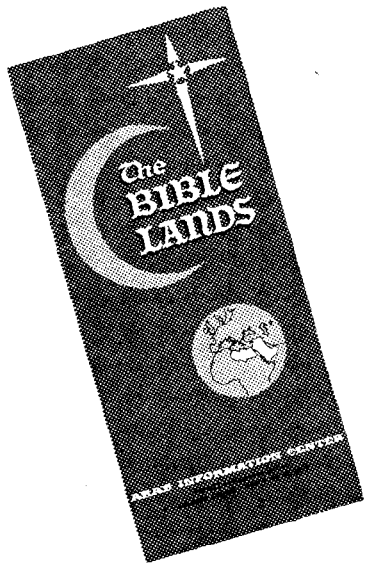

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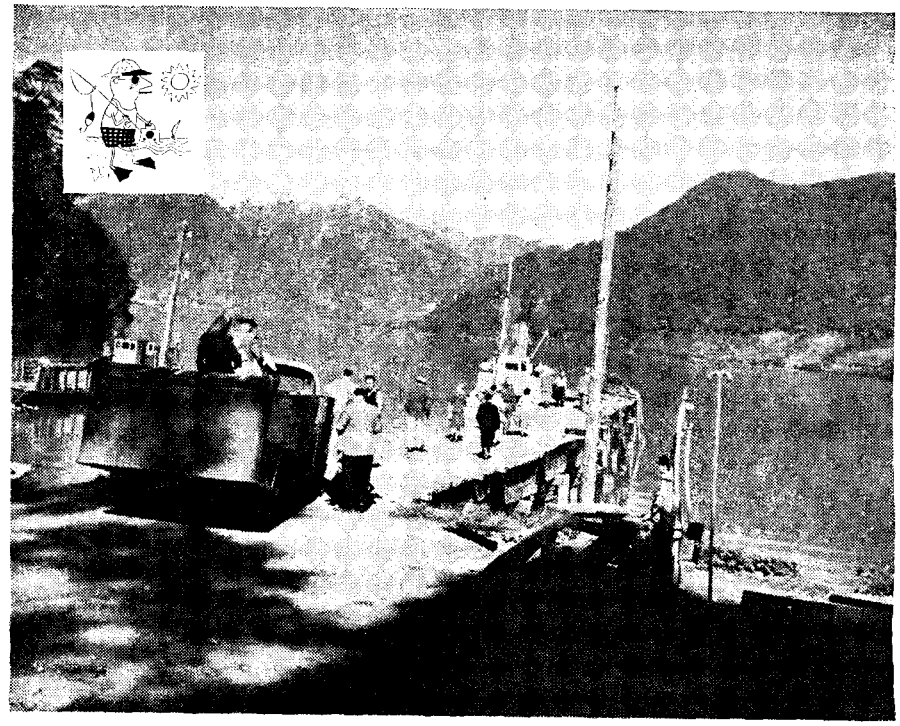

—*Pan American-Grace Lines.*

CHILE: Anybody who suffers a mid-winter yearning for the softness of lakelands can, with suitable funds, hie himself to Chile. It will be summer in December, the highs getting up into the eighties, and practically no rain at all. This is at Puella, with hotel guests about to debark for a lake excursion. The boat skims down to Villarica, which offers the sightseer a snow-capped volcano and the fishermen some Bunyan-sized trout, rainbows and brown. While you're this far don't miss Peru and Brazil. And Argentina should be receptive after the purge of Peron.

A Little Dangerous French

By D. MacCLURE

A WISE man once said: "A little French is a dangerous thing." (So far as I know, nobody ever said that, but I say it now, and, while I may not be a *wise* man, I am, as I travel abroad, becoming at least more tactful all the time.)

I have picked up just enough French, during my sojourn in Paris, to have a passing Frenchman assure me that "la guerre" (the war) is over when I have inquired my way to "la gare" (the station), and to have the grocer deliver ant paste ("poison") after I have ordered fish ("poisson"), or to be handed a horse's currycomb ("brosse a chevaux") by a shop assistant from whom I had demanded a "brosse a cheveux" (hairbrush).

As these examples amply indicate, in French a miss is as good as a mile. If you don't hit on the right word the near-miss is not only worthless but frequently worse than mute helplessness. I am rapidly coming to the conclusion that if one doesn't speak a tongue fluently, one ought simply to keep one's mouth shut, opening it only to express the equivalent of "No spikka da English," which the foreigner wisely resorts to in this country.

I wish I had known this when I found myself on a bus on the Boulevard Raspail en route to the Rond-Point des Champs Elysees. Somewhere along the way I became aware of one of those passionate but by no means malicious quarrels to which the French are so addicted. It involved the bus conductor and a rather pretty young Frenchwoman. I was able to gather by eye and ear, but mostly by means of eye, that the lady was offering to pay her fare with a 1,000-franc note (the largest French currency denomination) and that the conductor was loath to change it. The argument finally reached a heated impasse which, as I translated it, went something like this:

Girl: "Well, what do you expect me to do, pig?"

Conductor: "Well, what do you expect me to do, cow?"

My great satisfaction at deciphering a torrent of French unleashed

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in the heat of argument must have shown in my face and given me an approachable look, for the next development found the young lady beseeching me for aid. This was perfectly plain, even though in the panic of being directly addressed in French, especially by a pretty girl, I had, as usual, not understood a word. My duty lay clearly before me, however, and I fished out the little packet of bus tickets known as a "carnet" and gallantly proferred them to the conductor on behalf of the frantic young woman. He shrugged and removed one of the intersectional tickets. I was surprised to note that the lady appeared to be considerably embarrassed by my action and protested volubly. This puzzled me for a moment until I recalled that she had, when she had appealed to me, extended the 1,000-franc note. It occurred to me too late that what she had probably said was, "Can you change my money, please?" instead of, as I had thought I heard it, "Will you pay my fare, please?"

Now the cost of the ticket I had supplied amounted to about half a cent, but the lady's expressions of gratitude following her protests, enlivened no doubt by her keen embarrassment at my having paid her fare instead of having changed the note, were out of all proportion to the service I had rendered. It was a little too late in the game to express total ignorance of French, since I had apparently understood a large part of the conversation between her and the conductor, and was even now preening my vanity by interpolating a few French equivalents I knew for "It's quite all right. Don't give it a thought. You're very welcome, mademoiselle."

My enthusiasm petered out when I began to detect what seemed to me to be a collective look of cool distaste from the other passengers. I began to experience an uncomfortable feeling that I might be giving the impression of being a rich man-about-town with a venal attitude towards French girls. The fact that I had only invested a paltry sum only made me look like the cheap-jack I felt. I was thankful when the lady finished lavishing her thankfulness on me and took a seat some distance away. I thought I detected a gleam of suspicious surprise in the eyes of my fellow-passengers when I failed to pursue her. I may be wrong about this, though. They just may have thought I was crazy not to.

However they thought about it they all exchanged knowing looks a few minutes later. The bus halted at a stop at which the young lady alighted. As we had approached, it had seemed to me that I had heard the conductor call it out as "Franklin D. Roosevelt";

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I was sure that only my bad ear for French could have made me imagine that the conductor had said anything as outlandish as that. Anyway, I was listening for Champs Elysees. I later learned that "Franklin D. Roosevelt" was exactly what he had said—that it was a relatively recent name-change—but before the bus started I caught sight of an old sign on the bus stop standard which read "Rond-Point des Champs Elysees." I descended in considerable haste, but not fast enough to avoid seeing the aforementioned knowing looks on the faces of the passengers. To all appearances I had waited until the girl had alighted, and then hurried out after her. I briskly set out in the opposite direction, trying to look preoccupied.

I walked until I was sure that both bus and girl were out of sight, then retraced my steps and took a seat at one of the pavement tables of the cafe at which my wife would join me. With the pressure of that busload of busybodies removed from me, I again felt that fatal sense of aloof cosmopolitanism and airily ordered the waiter to bring me "un pernod glace."

It was while waiting for the beer to cool that I again encountered my little friend from the bus. She strolled past my table with a young French-

—Bob Bourdon-Mt. Mansfield News Bureau

NEW ENGLAND: Snow in the colonies is sometimes over your knees, sometimes only in the snowmaking machines. Last year it was great. For this year's estimate ask Nostradamus. Or Drew Pearson. At any rate there are dozens of ski areas in addition to this one at Stowe, Vt. Your choice of Mount Sunapee, Cannon Mountain, Big Bromley, Mad River Glen, and that old favorite over the border in New York State, Lake Placid. There are places of ski elegance like Smuggler's Notch, or a variety of smallish lodges that will put you up for as low as $5.50 a day in a bunk room with two meals. A good price span on private rooms would run from $6, with meals, but without cost of tows or liniment.

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man of Herculean proportions. Catching sight of me she gushed out something to her escort which I translated as being a reference to my being the kind gentleman who had befriended her on the bus. He eyed me with what can only be described as frank distrust. I don't know if it had any general implications or not, but on a purely personal basis it was painfully clear that the young Frenchman didn't like me.

In a feeble attempt to clear the air, I asked in French if they would care to join me in a drink. At least, that's what I thought I asked. Evidently, the Frenchman understood me to ask if they would care to repay me, for he instantly stepped to the corner, hailed a passing bus, bought a "carnet" of tickets from the conductor, and returned to hand me one of them with elaborate ceremony and some accompanying remarks which I didn't understand. Judging from the sniggers they evoked they must have been fairly choice.

I had now reached a point at which I didn't trust myself to say anything at all in French, or, for that matter, in English. I didn't have to say anything. The young lady now began to show the same signs of rising temper that had characterized her altercation with the bus conductor. The young man, it seemed, was being "tres desagreable." Before you could say "Jacques Robinsonne," they were at it: "cochon" (pig) and "vache" (cow).

I stood around, inept and foolish, while the quarrel grew louder and hotter. I felt unaccountably responsible, an impression which I fear was shared by the glaring patrons of the cafe. The girl finally must have thought up a killer of a domestic animal, because the boy, outraged, suddenly turned on his heel and stalked off. That left the girl standing there, shaking with rage, and me standing there just looking sheepish and searching for the right thing to say, which, by that time, would have been quite a discovery, even in English.

I would never have had the opportunity to say it, anyway, because my wife chose that moment to appear. She stood impassively surveying the spectacle of her stammering husband confronting an irate and extremely pretty French girl.

"Bonjour, madame," I greeted my wife. "Comment allezvous."

The greeting was perhaps a little too hearty.

"Hadn't you better explain in English?" she asked, each word breaking loose like a splinter from a block of ice.

I thought perhaps she had a reason for such a menacing tone. I still do.

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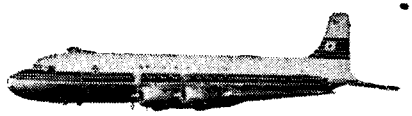

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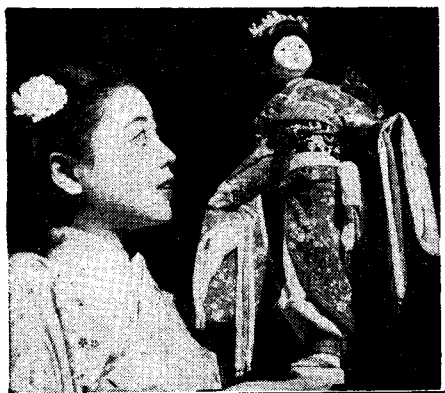

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Reading for Escapees

During the past eighteen months a number of books useful to the winter vacationer have been published. Some of the best are listed below, together with critical annotations.

Western Hemisphere

ANAHUAC. *By Marc Chadbourne. Translated by Jean Stewart. British Book Centre.* $4. M. Chadbourne manages to set down a good many impressions of the resurgence of Mexico's ancient culture in what is to be seen there today, and he got in a trip to the Yucatan, but his book has been sharply criticized for the impressions he has set down on the way U.S. citizens live when they go to Mexico.

HAITI: THE BLACK REPUBLIC. *By Selden Rodman. Devin-Adair.* $5. All that an outsider wants to know about the history, the people, the land, the religion, and the arts of the country, the whole being well written and generously illustrated.

JAMAICA: THE PORTRAIT OF AN ISLAND. *By Walter Adolphe Roberts. Coward-McCann.* $4. All about what to see, how to see it, and what it will cost to see it, plus some authoritative digging beneath the surface of the scenery.

McKAY'S GUIDE TO BERMUDA, THE BAHAMAS, AND THE CARIBBEAN. *By Eleanor Cowles Gellhorn. David McKay Co.* $4.50. A guidebook designed to answer such questions as "Where could I take my children?" "Where can I find peace and quiet?" and "Where are the gayest places, too?"

PARADISE TO LEEWARD. *By Wesley A. Bush. D. Van Nostrand.* $7.50. Mr. Bush and his family sailed down the western coast of Mexico, stopped at practically all the small sea towns and anchorages, and now has put the technical know-how of his trip onto paper for the benefit of others who might like to follow his example.

STANDARD GUIDE TO MEXICO AND THE CARIBBEAN. *By Lawrence and Sylvia Martin. Funk & Wagnalls.* $4.95. An expert team of travelers takes each resort apart and points out its drawbacks as well as its virtues.

SUDDEN VIEW: A MEXICAN JOURNEY. *By Sybille Bedford. Harper & Bros.* $3.75. A highly recommended travelogue by a British woman who apparently enjoyed her trip through Mexico and is able to describe very well a good many things she saw and did there.

—*American Airlines.*

ARIZONA: Don't count on it being broiling hot, but the air is clear, the sun warming, the steaks thick, and it's hard to keep from being healthy. Some of the elegant ranches you've heard about are inclined to be a bit starchy, but there are motels too, some with swimming pools, and restaurants tucked in the hills have color and charm. Even if you don't ride there are chuckwagon lunches out in the desert with cowpokes barbecuing ribs, biscuits baking in a Dutch oven in the ground, woodpeckers poking holes in the cactus. The shops are full of cowboy shirts, frontier pants, pleated squaw-dresses and big Indian jewelry any self-respecting cowlady would prefer to Van Cleef and Arpels any day.

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GUIDE TO MEXICO. *By G. M. Bashford. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $4.50. A well-organized volume which considers the people, the scenery, the architecture, and a good many other interesting things about Mexico.

STORY OF SQUAW VALLEY. *By Tyler Micoleau. A. S. Barnes & Co.* $4.50. The whole history of the ski resort at Squaw Valley in the Sierras of California, together with the basic principles of ski techniques for anybody who wants to use them there.

THE TRADE WIND ISLANDS. *By Dane Chandos. Doubleday & Co.* $3.75. A collection of pleasant descriptions and entertaining anecdotes of Mr. Chandos's rambles from Cuba to Trinidad by means of plane, bus, ship, and other locomotion.

Europe and Africa

ALL THE BEST IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. *By Sydney A. Clark. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $4.50. An overly ambitious attempt to include everything inside the two counties—thereby skimping on such important information as the qualities of hotels listed, etc.

CROSSROADS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. *By Hendrik de Leeuw. Garden City Books.* $3.75. Mainly a book for the armchair traveler who wants to range the southern Mediterranean coast and so see Algeria, Biskra, Tangier, Casablanca, and other interesting places.

I AM GOING TO ITALY. *By Anita Daniel. Coward-McCann.* $3.50. A down-to-earth guidebook for a leisurely trip through the country and including nice advice on where to stay and what to eat plus some conversational gambits on Italian peoples and customs.

PAGEANT OF ITALY. *By James Reynolds. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $7.50. An intimate account of an author-artist's journey through Italy and of the ancient and modern things he came across there.

ITALY. *Edited by Dore Ogrizek. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $2.95 Useful facts for the general tourist and well-arranged itineraries for the motorist.

SPAIN. *Edited by Dore Ogrizek. Translated by Walter Longhurst. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $2.95. A nice combination of particulars about the currency of the land, the police uniforms one may expect to come up against, and of the itineraries for motor travel around the country.

STRANGER IN SPAIN. *By H. C. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5. A travelogue which is a nice mixture of contagious enthusiasm and solid culture by a fellow who has been around a good many countries and who now takes a look at Spain from beneath some rather high eyebrows.

NORTH AFRICA. *Edited by Dore Ogrizek. Translated by David Rowan. Mc-*

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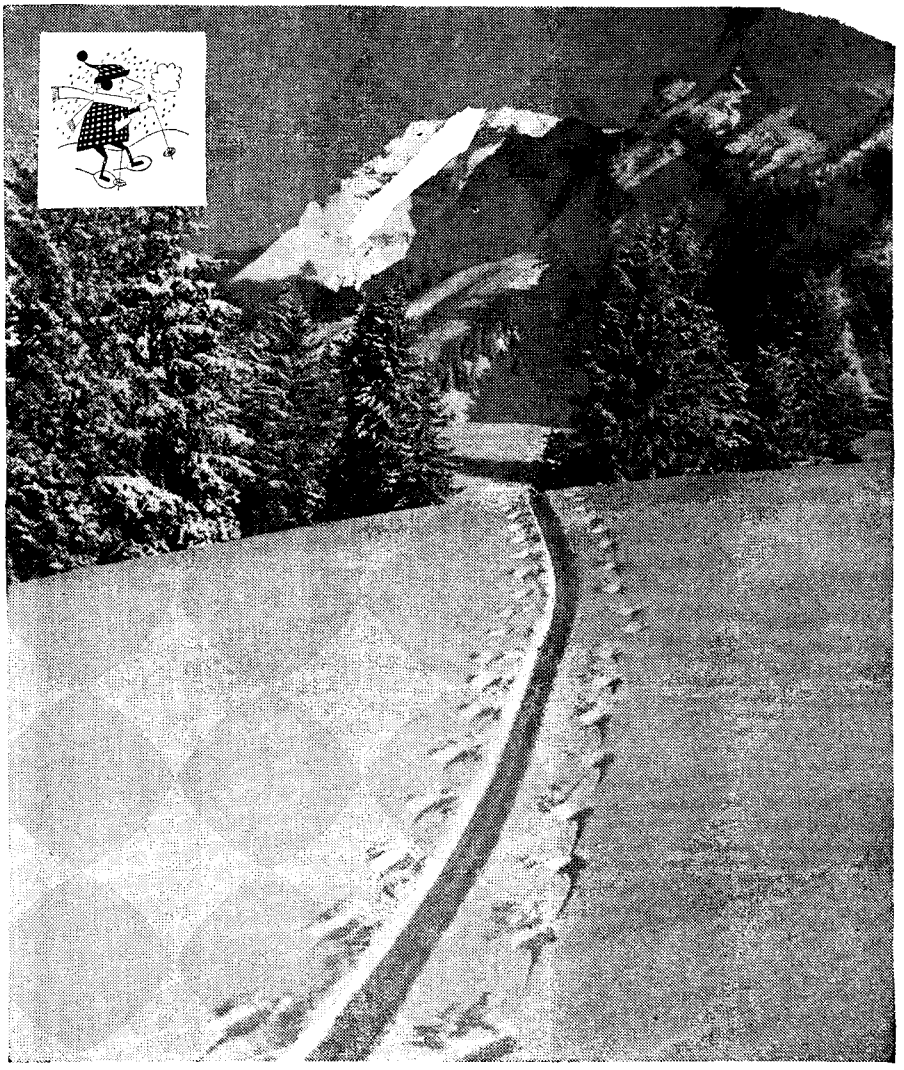

—*Swiss National Travel Office.*

SWITZERLAND: This will give you a fair idea of winter in the Alps. What doesn't show are the great hotels of St. Moritz, the trig chalets of Klosters, Pontresina, Grindelwald, Mürren, and Wengen, the huge winter sports plant of Davos. Even when they are filled with the outdoorsy types from Hollywood the ski towns still look like everybody's idea of a Swiss village. Sleighbells jingle, gnarled mountaineers puff hooked pipes hidden in their beards, belles appear in blond pigtails, and there is always a *raclette* melting by the fire or a *fondue* bubbling at the table.

Graw-Hill Book Co. $6.50. A travel book dealing with the Mediterranean countries of Africa and depicting not only the color and spirit but also the essence of that part of the world.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. *Edited by Dore Ogrizek. Translated by Paddy O'Hanlon. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $6.50. A guidebook to these regions which is also something of a cultural history.

ROME. *By Martin Hurlimann. Studio Publications, Inc.* $5. Nice photographs of the art and antiquities of the Eternal City, together with capsule histories of the same.

SPAIN. *By Martin Hurlimann. Studio Publications, Inc.* $10. Handsome photographs and abbreviated descriptions of the sights and history of the country, from ancient walled cities through dusty plains to craggy mountain ranges.

PORTAL TO PARADISE. *By Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Co.* $4.50. Some pleasant little idyls (combined with some scholarship) concerning the color, the history, the romance, and the gaiety of a little town named Alassio, which lies on the Italian Riviera.

ALL THE BEST IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. *By Sydney A. Clark. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $4. All about the sights, the accommodations, the customs, and other interesting (and practical) details for trips into twenty countries of the "Inland Sea." A new edition of a standard work.

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Winter Vacations

Continued from page 40

new scenes that follow a trayful of Martinis. Executives would do well, if they want to function at that peak of efficiency required for quick, courageous decisions, to head out of town at the first snow. Most of them accept this although a few have expressed reservation, perhaps fearing this philosophy of hygiene might spread like wildfire among their employes.

We endocrinologists have recently contributed much to the understanding of why even healthy folks begin to ail. It turns out to lie well within our specialty—all a matter of glands. A nagging wife, a perfectionist boss, an interfering relative may seem a trifling nuisance, but when the nettling goes on hour after hour, day after day, it can add up to what we gland specialists call stress. This stress transmits itself via the cerebral cortex to the pituitary gland and the pituitary in turn conveys this stress by an altered hormone secretion to all the other glands of the body —such as the adrenals, the thyroid, the pancreas, etc. So the body ends up with too little sugar, too much potassium, too little this or too much that. The patient usually sums this up by saying, "Doctor, I just don't know what specifically has been eating me, but . . ." When I hear this kind of story I gesture appropriately and warmly to staunch the narrative and prescribe a winter vacation.

Most of what I've been saying pretty well represents the views of my colleagues of the medical fraternity. One colleague, a specialist in obstetrics, has for years recommended winter vacations for his young couples. He has soft-pedaled this advice. Too many deliveries in the heat of August.

Now where should the patient go? Medical opinion is divided as to whether the direction should be north or south. One colleague of mine is convinced of the general benefits of the ski country. He's the orthopedic specialist who recently brought out a new treatment for fracture of the hip.

Where to go? Miss Jones, would you mind bringing me those travel folders? Now here we have Arizona, Miami, Nassau, Sun Valley, Vermont —ah, what vistas open up. But here's a little item I hadn't noticed before. The East Bronx Allergy Society is having its convention on the *S.S. Caribbean* cruise to South America. Certainly it's tax deductible. Miss Jones, call my travel agent. Did I say I wasn't a specialist in Allergy? How silly. I'm a wizard on the subject.

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Isle of Nightingales

Continued from page 45

an impression of stranded fleets of whales. The village itself has one street, with a *kiosko* at the centre. Here brandy and pernod are a peseta a glass (about 1 cent) and *limmonados naturalla*—straight from the trees—five pesetas. In between the tables, beside a stream thick with oleanders, turkeys strut. Every evening at seven you will see a man dousing the square with bucketfuls of water—a job that is the dream of every beachcomber! By ten it is quite dark.

At noon the daily bus draws into Santa Eulalia, three times a week bringing the mail. I once saw a lady visitor arrive in trousers, a sloppy joe slung around her shoulders. A peasant, fair-haired and with the features of an early Greek, lowered her pitcher to watch her. Men who were playing dominoes stopped; they forgot the Catalan strategy which they were re-enacting from the Civil War. Their teeth assumed the quality of melon-seeds for the spitting, and there followed a violent hissing. The "modern" world is still alien to these people.

Every Thursday at 6 p.m. the *Princess Mahon* leaves for Barcelona. As we hug the shores again, preparing to draw out into deeper waters, so the mountains grow ominous like witches' hats. This is the grey negative of which we have seen the colored original. Yesterday we were climbing these peaks, forests of pine and conifer thrusting themselves up out of the loose soil. And stretched below there had lain the silvery olive trees with their black coarse stems rising from the terra-cotta earth, the blindfolded horses turning the endless water-wheels through the heat of the day, the enormous irrigation streams as old as Elijah. Now at this moment when the island is fading, and we have passed the last savage headland at Tagomago, only a bag of stones tethers our memory. In the foothills we discovered a seam of harlequin rock alive with reds and blues and greens set in a faded pink sandstone. A joseph-coat, our proprietor had lisped, using the phrase as if it were as natural as "judas-tree" or "moses-bush." And how apt! For this is essentially a biblical people to whom a day or a century remain but *uno momento*.

—United Airlines.

HAWAII: Well, you don't have to do it like this. Waikiki is pleasant flat on your back on the sand. In addition to the string of Matson inns that surround the surf, Henry J. Kaiser has recently added a thatched-roof Hawaiian village of sorts with moderate rates. The weather is more or less 73 all the time, it will take you nine hours from the coast by air or, say, four days by ship. Once there, it's bare feet, hysterical shirts, outrigger rides, visits to the volcanos of the islands, the flowers, and the sound of strings among the ti leaves. This is *winter*?

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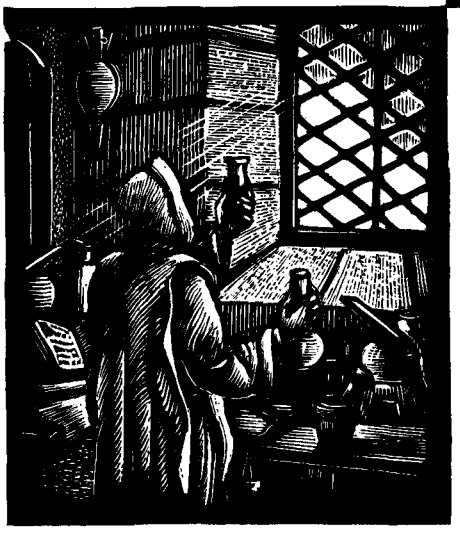

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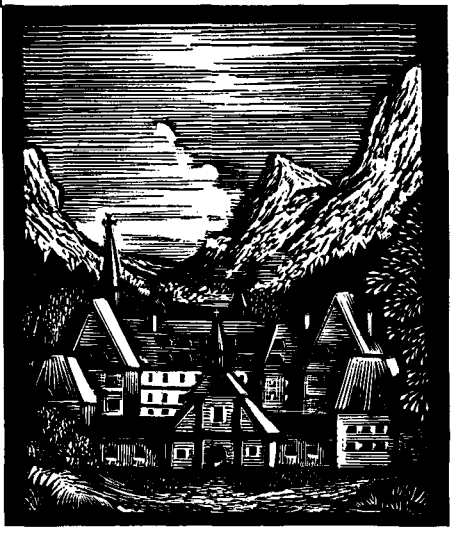

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